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TURKEY AND HERZEGOVINA.

THE Foreign Office has lately issued some correspondence on the affairs of Turkey and Herzegovina which might have been interesting if nearly all of it had not been long since published in the newspapers. The only useful purpose which the Blue-Book can serve is to refresh the memory of those who pay but slight attention to important current transactions. It is perhaps not wholly unimportant to learn that the English Consul attributed the first outbreak in July to foreign agitation, and that the principal outrages which he mentions were perpetrated by insurgents. The agitation soon became serious enough to attract the notice of the Great Powers; and early in the autumn their Consular agents were instructed to hold interviews with the insurgent chiefs, which produced no definite result. A large part of the Blue-Book is occupied with official documents in which the Turkish Government decrees the adoption of various reforms. A pamphlet expressing the views of the malcontents is also published at full length, with a warning by Mr. HOLMES, the Consul, that its statements are probably exaggerated. None but those who possess accurate local knowledge are competent to judge whether the reforms promised by the SULTAN would be beneficial or satisfactory. On the other side objection is taken, not so much to the official schemes as to the ability and willingness of the Porte to perform its promises. Count ANDRASSY's Note, and the correspondence among the Governments to which it gave occasion, are of course published at length. In the course of the discussion Count BEUST assured Lord DERBY that no armed intervention was intended, and that the Austro-Hungarian Government had no desire to undertake to keep the peace beyond its own frontiers. It has long been known that the Ottoman Government at once accepted the recommendations of the Note, with the exception of a clause which provided for the expenditure within each province of the proceeds of the direct taxes. The history of the insurrection comes down later than the published correspondence; and the communications which may have been exchanged among different parties are much less important than the progress of the struggle and the attitude and purposes of the insurgents themselves, of their neighbouring allies, and of their distant protectors.

The latest report is that Austria will, after all, interfere to restore order by force, as the representative and agent of the three Northern Powers. The recent operations in Herzegovina seem to have been unfavourable to the Turkish troops; and the return of spring is in itself a great advantage to the insurgents. Although the Governments of Servia and Montenegro still profess to maintain their neutrality, auxiliaries from both Principalities have, according to official Turkish statements, openly joined the insurgent forces. An affront which was lately offered at Belgrade to the Austrian flag was organized by the war party, and the Servian Ministry is increasing its military force. While the domestic prospects of the Porte are gloomy, still more serious alarm has been caused by an apparent change of policy on the part of Russia. Some of the official papers still affect to defend the system of neutrality; but their arguments are openly attacked and ridiculed by other journals of equal authority. Subscriptions are publicly collected with the sanction of the Government, nominally for the relief of fugitives from Herzegovina, but the real purpose of aiding the insurrection is scarcely disguised. Some Russian papers have published apocryphal versions of a

speech made by Baron RODICH in which the Russian Government is supposed to be openly attacked. That the language of the journals has some political meaning may be inferred from the strong comments which it has provoked in Germany. Official assurances that the concord of the three Imperial Courts is undisturbed tended to encourage the suspicion that there was already a serious divergence of policy. There is no doubt that Austria has long been anxious to terminate the insurrection; and it is possible that the ambiguous demeanour of Russia may be explained by a natural unwillingness to alienate the good will of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The part which Germany may take if Russia encourages the disruption of the Turkish Empire cannot be confidently predicted. At present German feeling seems to be less friendly to Russia than at the time when all the three Powers were apparently earnest in their determination to discountenance the insurrection.

By continuing their resistance the insurgents temporarily relieve the Porte from the obligation of complying with the demands contained in Count ANDRASSY's Note; but the strain on the finances and on the military resources of the Empire is constantly becoming more urgent. The greatest of all the immediate difficulties which beset the Turkish Government is the virtual impunity which the Russian protectorate furnishes to Servia and Montenegro. Neither province could venture on a contest with the superior force of Turkey but for the confidence that Europe will not allow a Christian State to fall a victim to Mahometan conquest. Montenegro claims, not without reason, to have been always independent, and Servia has within a few years been relieved from the presence of Turkish garrisons in the fortresses. Turkey is at liberty to repel direct attacks, but not to inflict punishment on her assailants. Although Austria may probably be jealous of Russian influence in Servia and Montenegro, none of the Great Powers would allow the establishment of Turkish rule in either province. Conscious security explains much of the disinterested enthusiasm which is felt for the insurgents. Both principalities would deprecate the occupation of the theatre of war by an Austrian army. With a Turkish force they can deal more easily, as long as they are certain of a safe retreat within their own respective frontiers. The Turkish operations are additionally hampered by the necessity of depending on regular troops, on account of the danger which might result from excesses that might be committed by the Mahometan population. It would seem that in Herzegovina they have sometimes been outnumbered, and that their troops are ill supplied with provisions and with munitions of war. The reports of a supplementary insurrection in Bosnia are still vague and uncertain. If it is true that Austrian subjects from the other side of the frontier have assisted the local malcontents, an additional motive will have been furnished for armed intervention. The party at Constantinople which thinks it desirable to declare war against Servia and Montenegro has lately seemed likely to prevail. The imminence of a decisive measure has had the effect of temporarily renewing the accord between Russia and Austria; and it is understood that the Government of Berlin has induced both Powers once more to fall back on the provisions of the ANDRASSY Note. It is not to be supposed that the allied Governments will at the same time restrain the Porte from reprisals and tolerate the aggressive enterprises of Servia and Montenegro.

Notwithstanding the ambiguous policy of Russia, it seems almost certain that there is no immediate danger of a direct

attack on Turkey. The Russian Government is not at present ready for war, nor can it be thought expedient to venture on an open rupture with Austria. It is not improbable that Russia may hope, if the insurgents succeed, to detach another fragment from the Ottoman Empire. Any aggrandizement of Servia would be disapproved at St. Petersburg as well as at Vienna. It is for many reasons undesirable either that the civil war should continue or that the insurrection should be suppressed by the superior force of Turkey. The complete triumph of the insurgents is impossible, because, even if they obtained temporary possession of the disputed territory, they would still be exposed to fresh attacks as the Turks received reinforcements. The English Government has no means of controlling the result, except by any influence which it may be able to exercise at Constantinople. Lord DERBY has thus far in all the negotiations guarded himself with even more than his customary caution. He took time for consideration before he gave even a theoretical assent to the ANDRASSY Note; and he defended his adhesion by the argument that the Note was but a reproduction of various laws and decrees which had been promised or published by the Porte during the last twenty years. The English Government is only committed to the moderate proposition that the Porte will do well to reform its administration; but at the same time Lord DERBY disclaims any purpose of becoming a guarantee for the concessions which may be offered to the insurgents. Count ANDRASTY and Count BRUST have from the first professed their intention of the most open communication with the English Government. If Austria at last finds it necessary to occupy the disputed territory, there seems to be no reason why the English Government should object to intervention. Even if the eventual consequence should be the annexation to Austria of a part of a Turkish province, there would be no ground for regret; but it is not probable either that Austria would consent to increase the number of its Slavonic subjects, or that Russia would regard with equanimity the territorial aggrandizement of a rival. The difficulties which surround the entire question have for the present no tendency to diminish.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SPAIN.

WHEN the QUEEN, on her return from Germany, stopped a few minutes at a station to exchange a few words with Marshal MACMAHON, some of the French newspapers mildly hinted that this was not all the compliment which their young and dear Republic might have expected. There was an uneasy feeling that, if Royalty had been there to give the welcome, Royalty would have stayed longer to enjoy it. It is needless to say that, far from any slight being intended to the PRESIDENT of the Republic, the QUEEN, who was returning from a strictly private visit to her relations in Germany, somewhat put herself to inconvenience to go through an interchange of courtesies with the MARSHAL. Nor does the strength of the ties that bind England and France depend in any way on Royal visits and Court festivities. As the ceremonies which attend Royal visits catch the public eye, and a Royal visitor is something new to look at and read about, a Royal visit has come to be thought of importance, whatever may be its occasion. But Royal visits, like most other things, are sometimes important, and sometimes have no significance at all. It was a really important event in the history of modern Italy when the Emperor of AUSTRIA paid a visit to VICTOR EMANUEL, and when Venice, the object of so long a rivalry, was selected as the spot where pledges of future friendship were exchanged. It was an event equally important to Italy when the German EMPEROR came to Milan, and Italy was made sure that her visitor represented an alliance essential to her safety. When, again, sovereigns go into business together like the three EMPERORS, they must occasionally meet to talk over the affairs of the partnership, or to prove to a suspicious world that it still exists. But very often Royal visits are almost accidental, and are totally devoid of political significance. The sensitive Republicans of France should derive comfort from the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to Madrid. The PRINCE has been received with great splendour at Madrid, and has had every possible attention shown him. But his going there was almost accidental. It formed no part of his original plan. In fact, when the PRINCE went out the Carlist war was still raging, and King

ALFONSO had other things to think of than Court pageants and picture galleries. And no visit could possibly be more wholly devoid of political importance. We have not much to do with Spain, and do not wish to have. The Spaniards go on in a way which at any rate is not at all our way. They truckle to the Pope, keep up slavery, and do not pay their debts. These are not things that Englishmen like, or pretend to like. Bigoted, slaveholding defaulters are not well suited to be our friends. But we need not quarrel with people or deny them the respect of ordinary courtesy simply because we do not agree with them. Spain has a recognized place in Europe, and its King, while he lasts, is as much a King as any other sovereign. If King ALFONSO likes to have the PRINCE at Madrid, the PRINCE is amiable and polite enough not to wound him by a refusal. That is all. It is a mere interchange of courtesy, and if one interchange of courtesy is to be compared with another, that which took place at the French railway station was much the more important, for behind it there was a sincere and cordial admiration for each other on the part of the two nations whom the QUEEN and the MARSHAL represented.

As the PRINCE had, in the performance of his public duty, to go to Madrid, it was fortunate for him that both there and on his road there was much to see that was well worth seeing. Even to a person born to it, hardened by long training, and singularly gifted for going through it well, all this eternal pomp, sightseeing, banqueting, and amusement, through which the PRINCE has been passing for six months, must be very wearisome. If the English public has grown tired of reading descriptions of his travels, and if even Special Correspondents seem convinced that to reawaken interest in the varied shows of his long tour is beyond the power of the finest language, how infinitely more wearisome it must be to be the person who does it all, who has to go through everything, and is obliged to conceal every sign of fatigue lest he should disappoint those who are doing their best to please him. But if the PRINCE had to add a few extra fatigues to the long list of those he has endured, Spain could offer much that it was well worth the trouble to look at. In Seville and Cordova there were the ancient remains of Moorish grandeur which, even to a traveller fresh from Agra, are in the highest degree interesting and imposing. At Madrid there was the magnificent picture gallery, and although picture galleries are generally the last straw that breaks the back of the fatigued sight-seeing camel, yet the Madrid gallery is so incomparably good that it is almost worth while for the camel to have his back broken in looking at it. Historical students have also endeavoured to picture the imaginary interest with which the PRINCE must recall the events in history which a visit to Spain would bring back to a well-informed mind. It is supposed that his thoughts will wander to the romantic episode when another PRINCE OF WALES set off, under the guidance of BUCKINGHAM, to look for an Infanta. If the PRINCE troubles his head about CHARLES I., he will probably content himself with the satisfactory reflection that his character is totally unlike that of his predecessor, that he has no reason to expect a similar fate, and that he is not in the least degree in need of a Spanish wife. The companionship of King ALFONSO may also, by no very remote association of ideas, recall to the PRINCE the memorable time in his own early boyhood when England was outwitted in the matter of the Spanish marriages; and, while the PRINCE may naturally, in making an inevitable comparison, regard the career of his own mother with much inward satisfaction, he may feel an honest pity for the poor woman who was so much sinned against by the cruelty and perfidy of statesmen, and for the well-meaning youth who has been called to play at Royalty under very difficult and depressing circumstances.

One of the most famous of Spanish sights proposed to be exhibited in his honour the PRINCE has declined to see. He has intimated that he does not wish to be present at a bull-fight. Criticism had been occasioned by his attendance, while in India, at a fight of wild animals. Now that he is so near home he has, with much good sense, judged it unwise, because unnecessary, to provoke similar remarks. The desire of the PRINCE to avoid all causes of public offence is one of the best parts of his character, and is one of the grounds on which in some respects he claims and receives some measure of indulgence. When he returns home, he will

have an excellent opportunity of manifesting his readiness to fall in with the wishes of a part of the nation, which even those who are of a contrary opinion must allow to be large and entitled to consideration. The Royal Titles Bill has now received the QUEEN's assent, and the controversy so long and warmly waged has at length died away in Parliament, although not without some murmurs of bitterness and indignation at the last possible moment. When the PRINCE lands here he will find that the QUEEN has been authorized to call herself, as Sovereign of India, by a title profoundly distasteful to a large portion of her subjects; while, on the other hand, her Ministers have pledged themselves that this title shall be as absolutely excluded from England as possible. How far this pledge is to be redeemed in practice must obviously depend in a great degree on the PRINCE OF WALES. However much the QUEEN may exhibit her habitual moderation and prudence, there are plenty of people who would love to worship the rising sun and hail their future Emperor. A few words of discouragement from the PRINCE would do more to put them down than volumes of discussion, and a man who declines to see a bull-fight lest he should wound the susceptibilities of humane persons may be trusted to avoid impairing the general harmony of loyalty by clutching at the gewgaws of Continental sovereignty. The PRINCE has now seen much of the East, and much of the West. He knows better than most men India, the Continent, and England; and it is exceedingly unlikely that the end of all his wanderings and all his reflections should not be a profound conviction that the world offers nothing better than to be simply King of England, and the centre of the attachment of a free people.

BARBADOES.

LORD CARNARVON'S answer to the deputation of the West India Committee was, as might have been expected, temperate and judicious. He declined, not only to remove, but to censure, the Governor of Barbadoes until the facts of the case are fully known. At the same time Lord CARNARVON will evidently be prepared to act with vigour if even a part of the telegraphic reports prove to be correct. In times of excitement there is a probability that the more moderate of two conflicting statements is true. The Governor's telegraphic messages to the SECRETARY OF STATE virtually contradict the report that forty rioters have been shot. According to the official account, the troops have not been required to act; and the commanding officer has countermanded a request for military aid which had been addressed to the Government of Trinidad. Mr. HENNESSY's statements, which must for the present be accepted as accurate, are in themselves highly unsatisfactory. The first message which Mr. LOWTHER quoted on Tuesday in the House of Commons reports the death of a man by a shot fired on the mob by the police in consequence of a robbery in a provision ground. The untoward event shows that the robbery was in the nature of a popular disturbance or riot; and Mr. HENNESSY's remark that similar occurrences had taken place in former years is irrelevant and unsatisfactory. In a second telegram the Governor informs Lord CARNARVON that he has visited the several scenes of the disturbances, though he had apparently not thought it necessary to furnish a previous account of the disturbances themselves. While he admits that the planters are alarmed, he states that the sugar works go on as usual; but he adds, with an unseasonable sneer, that, "in consequence of the planters' panic," he had telegraphed for more troops from Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad. If there was no reason for panic, and if the Governor did not share the alarm of the planters, he would have taken the most obvious method of restoring general confidence by declining to increase the military force in the island. It is at least unlucky that a Governor who is accused of encouraging the discontent of the coloured population should use inviolable language in speaking of the planters. He is himself exclusively responsible for his own demand for reinforcements, which seems to imply that the panic attributed to the planters was founded on substantial reasons. His determination to issue a special Commission for the trial of offenders is an additional proof that serious disturbances have occurred.

Mr. HENNESSY appears to have exhibited unnecessary zeal in the promotion of a policy which may in itself have been well conceived. Lord CARNARVON, who has encouraged

confederation in several parts of the Colonial Empire, agreed with his predecessor, Lord KIMBERLEY, in recommending the adoption of the system in the group of the Windward Islands, which includes Barbadoes. The late Governor took no steps to give effect to Lord KIMBERLEY's instructions; and Mr. HENNESSY seems to have gone into an opposite extreme in supposed obedience to Lord CARNARVON. The Legislative Assembly of Barbadoes misunderstood some parts of the project, and disapproved of the whole. They were mistaken in thinking that the island would be expected to contribute to the financial wants of less prosperous communities, and perhaps they may have thought, with more justice, that confederation would diminish the objects of local ambition. If the leaders of the Legislature could have communicated directly with the Colonial Office, they would have ascertained that the decision would be left to themselves, and that Lord CARNARVON, while he understood the material advantages of confederation, fully admitted the right of the colonists to manage their own affairs. Mr. HENNESSY unfortunately regarded the failure of Lord CARNARVON's policy as a rebuff to himself and his chief, and as an injury to the native population. It is of the very essence of constitutional government that a representative Assembly should be regarded as supreme within its own department. The Executive authority has generally a power of appealing to the constituencies by dissolution; but in the meantime he ought to regard the opinion of the Parliamentary majority as provisionally conclusive. Three years ago Lord DUFFERIN, in the Dominion of Canada, illustrated under difficult and complicated circumstances the true constitutional doctrine. He had reason to believe that the House of Commons was dissatisfied with his Ministers; but, as there had been no vote against them, he complied with their advice in postponing the meeting of Parliament. The Constitution of Barbadoes is not the same with that of the larger English colonies; but the Legislature had the right of accepting or rejecting a scheme of confederation. The Governor is accused of having stimulated popular agitation against the Assembly, under circumstances which ought to have prevented any attempt to create dissatisfaction. Every domestic controversy in the West Indies is certain to resolve itself into an antagonism of race and colour.

Having satisfied himself that confederation would tend to increase the prosperity of the labouring population, Mr. HENNESSY proceeded to publish the conclusions at which he had arrived; and, if it was not his intention to cause dissatisfaction with the Legislature, his language was ill chosen. If the statements of the West India Committee are well founded, the Governor spoke of excessive taxation to a deputation of Wesleyan ministers who had not complained of any grievance of the kind. He informed the Assembly that the people of the colony were determined to support the views of HER MAJESTY's Government, although the Assembly alone was authorized to represent the community. Some other suggestions which seem to the Committee objectionable may perhaps have been more properly within the competence of the Government. It may have been right and necessary to recommend relief from taxes, and measures for the discouragement of vagrancy. It can scarcely have been discreet to speak of "some of the worst practices of the days of slavery" as still existing; but, in addressing the Legislature itself, the Governor cannot be said to have exceeded his constitutional powers. His conduct must be judged by a different rule when he appealed to the community out of doors. It is alleged that, at a meeting attended by some persons of bad character, the Governor declared that the poor of the island were over-taxed and otherwise oppressed. The riots which have since occurred, though their importance may have been greatly exaggerated, can scarcely have been unconnected with the Governor's language. It is possible that he may have had good reason for believing that industry would be promoted, and the rate of wages raised, as a result of confederation; but a negro population cannot be expected to understand the difference between wilful oppression and mistakes in economic policy. When they hear from the highest authority that low wages and poverty might be relieved by legislation, they naturally resent the opposition of the Legislature to the wise and beneficent suggestions of the Governor. It is extremely difficult to secure, by the exercise of tact and practical wisdom, the good government of a community which includes two unequal races. The

coloured majority is always ready to believe that it is injured by rulers who are, by no fault of their own, an oligarchy.

There can be little danger of the success of any seditious movement in Barbadoes. The number of white inhabitants bears a larger proportion to the coloured population than in most of the West India Islands; and the limited extent of the country throws impediments in the way of irregular warfare. The naval force on the station will be immediately increased, and it has already been shown that sufficient military reinforcements are within reach. There is fortunately no reason to suppose that the negroes are generally disloyal, although many of them may have been tempted to join in riotous proceedings. If they were once persuaded that the representative of the Crown was on their side, they might probably fancy that they were supporting lawful authority in their opposition to the planters. The Jamaica disturbances of ten years ago, resulting from long and systematic agitation, proved to be wholly insignificant, though they served as an occasion for extraordinary violence on the other side. It may be inferred from Mr. HENNESSY's telegrams that order was not entirely restored, although he seems not to have apprehended any serious danger. In one point of view the Barbadoes riots are peculiarly disappointing. The colony had since the date of emancipation been regarded as a model for neighbouring communities, and the planters escaped the ruin which ensued elsewhere as soon as slavery was abolished. There was no waste land for squatters, and consequently the labouring population could only obtain subsistence by working for wages. The island has ever since been without a history; or, at least, nothing was known of its affairs by strangers. It may be hoped that it will soon subside into its accustomed tranquillity; but a long interval must elapse before confidence can be fully restored between the two races. If the negroes learn to expect from the Legislature high wages and general prosperity, their inevitable disappointment will certainly be resented. If the colonial Constitution ceases to work with facility, it may perhaps be necessary to follow the precedent of Jamaica. A benevolent despotism seems to be the only form of government which secures the safety and the rights of a white minority and a coloured population. The philanthropic partisanship which is attributed to Mr. HENNESSY is a grave fault in a West India Governor.

STAGNATION OF TRADE.

THE reduction of the Bank rate from three to two per cent. was a sign which unhappily meets corroboration in every quarter that there is no adequate field for the employment of capital. Trade shows no indication of recovering from its long and severe depression. Iron is almost unsaleable, and coal is only kept up at a price which is barely remunerative by strikes in one district necessitating supplies from others. There are many parts in which one factory after another ceases to work, and orders are received neither from home nor abroad. It is not indeed England that is suffering exclusively or even especially. The list of bankruptcies in the United States was longer and heavier in the first quarter of this year than in any quarter of last year, which was a year of successive calamities. At Berlin the number of artisans out of employment was recently so large that the Government determined to proceed with the construction of a great State line of railway in order to create work artificially. At Vienna the nearness to the scene of Turkish insurrection and the embarrassment in which the contest threatens to involve Austria have lately added a financial panic to the pressure of industrial distress. In France alone there is an even flow of moderate prosperity. The harvest of last year, though not admitting of export of cereals, sufficed for the wants of the population; and if there was a deficiency in the beet crop, which has now become a very important item in the national products, the vintage was abundant, and of very fair quality. Even here there have been causes at work which have greatly mitigated the evil results of commercial distress and foolish speculation. The ample supplies of corn which free trade enables us to command have kept down the price of bread, and wheat is now almost exactly at the same figure at which it stood ten years ago. A greater anxiety than usual may perhaps be entertained for the home crops of the present year, as the floods have in some districts entirely prevented

the sowing of spring wheat. But the low price of iron is encouraging the rapid construction of merchant steamers which will, in consequence of their comparative lowness of cost, be able to bring wheat at a profit from ports whence hitherto it has hardly paid to convey it to England. Every year we are better able to meet bad harvests at home, and every year the farmer becomes less dependent on wheat for his income.

Serious, too, as has been the depression in trade, and heavy as the loss has been to investors from the default of foreign Governments, there has been no reason for apprehending any sudden and general catastrophe. The Bank was in a very strong position at the time of the great failures of last year, and is in a still stronger position now. In the old days of panics the misfortune usually occurred when the Bank happened to be weak, and then the danger of a general collapse of credit stared even the soundest mercantile firms in the face. With a reserve of over 25 millions of bullion and 12 millions of notes, and the rate of interest at two per cent., nothing of the kind is now to be feared. But it must not be assumed that we have as yet seen the worst of the present difficulties. The times are bad for trade, and are likely to remain bad. That rotten business should be abandoned and firms really insolvent should come down is not a loss, but a gain. But just now business which experience has shown to be legitimate is suspended, and firms whose credit is indisputable are at a standstill. We have lost our customers. The world does not want our goods. We have offered it too many goods, and it cannot take any more. It gave us too much business, and now it is giving us too little. We keep our shop open, but wayfarers pass by on the other side. The wealth of England is so vast, and derived from so many sources, and so many Englishmen think it a blunder to confess they are less well off than they used to be, that it is only very slowly that there are apparent signs of those pecuniary difficulties which are caused, not by a catastrophe, but by the languishing of trade. When one of the people who are called merchant princes is in his glory, he builds a palace, decorates it, and makes himself pleasantly conspicuous. When he fails, his house is sold, his pictures are sold, and his ruin is the talk of the day. Nothing of the kind indicates the progress of what is not ruin, but difficulty, from prolonged distress among moderate persons. The symptoms of their calamities are slight and hard to trace; but it is possible every now and then to discover them, and perhaps the unusual difficulty found this season in letting furnished houses in London may be taken as a slight sign that classes which are safe from ruin are beginning to be obliged to retrench.

The real cause of the present distress is that for a period of about seven years the world went too fast. More especially, it made railroads too fast. Lines that cannot pay for years, if ever, were constructed with borrowed money. Much money was sunk in mere useless personal extravagance. England kept the ball going. It found the money, or a great portion of it, and it sold the goods which the money was borrowed to procure. When any State, however impecunious, could borrow any amount of money it liked to name, and bought rails with as much of it as decency required to be expended with some show of honesty, it is no wonder that the iron market was exuberant. Now these countries at once defraud us of interest and cease to take iron, and investors and manufacturers alike suffer. It must not, however, be supposed that the money sunk in unproductive railways has all been lost to the world. We in England went at one time much too fast with our railways, and very severe suffering was caused by this improvidence; but there can be no doubt that the country as a whole gained by the outlay, and that the general increase of wealth was greater than it would have been if railways had been constructed more slowly. That the same thing will prove true of the United States may be said with confidence, and of Russia with some degree of hope. Even in Egypt, great as has been the waste and extravagance, the KHEDIVE is in so good a position, according to Mr. CAVE, that he can apply two-thirds of his revenue to the payment of his public debt. In all such cases there is a clear line of separation from the utter waste of borrowed money by States like Turkey and Spain. Time must, in the absence of counteracting causes, restore English trade, because it must better the position of the best customers of England. But the process must necessarily be slow, for almost all our customers are now in difficulties, and there

are no new customers for us. We have, as it were, discounted the globe. We have lent our colonies as much as they can at present safely absorb. They are in singular favour just now; but prudence would whisper that they have taken as much advantage of this favour as is at all warranted by their resources. We have lent money everywhere. We have tried Africa, South America, and every Continental State. We have glutted the East with our copious and often adulterated products. Things therefore can only come round slowly; and although trade will no doubt revive by degrees, yet a considerable interval must elapse before anything like a grand and a glorious time returns.

At present the two extraneous and accidental causes which most tend to disturb the recovery of trade are the Turkish insurrection and the depreciation of silver. It so happens that for the moment there is a lull in the anxiety which both these sources of disturbance produce. The Vienna Bourse has somehow managed to regain a temporary confidence, and the influences that are at work to prevent the outbreak of a general war are evidently very strong. The price of silver, too, has lately recovered from its point of lowest depression, and some steps have been taken to arrest the progress of depreciation. If the Silver Currency Bill is passed by Congress, a portion of the metal supplied by the United States will be wanted for domestic use. The Federal Council of Germany has postponed the operation of the law by which silver thalers are to have only a token value and cease to be part of the currency of the country. The Austrian journals, with one exception, unite in deprecating the introduction of a gold standard. But, although there may not be any reason for immediate alarm as to either Turkey or a continuous fall in silver, they both offer troublesome questions of which we cannot get rid by merely shutting our eyes. The most that can be done for Turkey is to patch it up for a while. It is now, in fact, not the maintenance of the power of the SULTAN in Europe, so much as the avoidance of a general conflict of the Great Powers in the event of its subversion, that is the chief anxiety of politicians. We may lay the ghost of the Eastern Question for one night, but we know that it will haunt us again before long. So, again, all speculations as to the course which the silver market will take are valueless until experience has shown whether the silver discoveries in the United States are mere pieces of accidental good luck or are the beginning of new discoveries on a great scale. One Company with a capital of 80,000*l.* is said to have already divided profits to the amount of two and a half millions sterling. This may be an instance of singular good fortune, or it may be the prelude to many successes of the same sort. Either alternative is possible, and if it is as yet much too early to believe the boasts of sanguine Americans who assert that they have acres of silver waiting for some one to pick up the treasure, it is also too early to be at all sure that we have not to face a grave perturbation of English, and still more of Indian, finance from the diminishing value of silver.

WOMEN'S DISABILITIES.

THE debate and division on Mr. FORSYTH's Bill furnished an instructive comment on one part of his speech. Having judiciously determined that it was not worth while to reargue the question, Mr. FORSYTH endeavoured to influence the House by an appeal to that form of cant which disguises itself as public opinion. It appeared from his statement that large public meetings in almost every town in England and Scotland had petitioned in favour of his project for conferring the Parliamentary franchise on women. On the other side there was neither popular agitation nor a long string of names; yet the House of Commons decided by a large majority in favour of the silent protest which is tendered, in the shape of abstention from the movement, by the more intelligent part of the community. The responsibility of legislation, as of other kinds of practical action, produces a sobering effect. The class which habitually attends public meetings is not compelled to examine convictions which generally evaporate in phrases or in cheers. There are in every large town scores or hundreds of theorists and idlers who would vote, at a meeting of like-minded partisans, for any extension of the suffrage which could be devised. The popular fallacies and sentimental generalities which can be adduced in de-

fence of projects for enfranchising women are well adapted to delude thoughtless and shallow minds. As no man attends a Disability meeting unless he is already converted to female suffrage, the proceedings are probably harmonious and even unanimous. Yet the crowd forms an insignificant fraction of the local community. Its numbers would be still further reduced if the meeting had the power of giving effect to its resolutions. It is worth notice that the House of Commons was at first inclined to trifle with the question; so that Mr. FORSYTH was able to quote several respectable names of former supporters of the fanciful scheme. It is only within a year or two that the debates have been conducted in earnest, with the natural result of disclosing the general repugnance to measures which might facilitate the political action of women.

Mr. SMOLLETT's coarse jests supply Mr. FORSYTH's clients with a legitimate ground of complaint. It might be expected that a certain number of intelligent and estimable women would believe a demand for political equality with men to be just and expedient. It is not easy to understand how they could advocate their cause if they remained in strict privacy; and there is neither generosity nor good taste in the ridicule with which their public efforts are treated by Mr. SMOLLETT. A fairer criticism on the Disabilities Bill is directed against Mr. FORSYTH's odd position as the unconscious vehicle of a transparent secret. The ladies who care for the franchise entrust Mr. FORSYTH with the conduct of the Bill for the very reason that they withhold from him their ulterior confidence. A member who sympathizes with their supposed grievances only up to a certain point becomes for the present the fittest advocate of that part of their claims which can conveniently be advanced at present. Mr. FORSYTH has the good sense and the inconsistency to disapprove of any measure which would really put women on an equality with men. He would be shocked at the thought of a constituency in which fifty per cent. of the voters belonged to the non-political sex, but he sees no harm in the adulteration of the electoral body by thirteen per cent. The ladies who use him for their present object are well aware that the cause which they have at heart would be greatly advanced by an anomalous preference of single women and widows over wives. It is not accurate to describe as a disability the limitation which has been imposed from time immemorial on the functions of women; but the exclusion from the polling booth of the most capable and most important section of the female community might be plausibly regarded as an arbitrary disability or disqualification.

Mr. FORSYTH and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT believe that they conform to the principles of the Constitution when they propose to confer the franchise only on female householders; and Mr. FORSYTH even persuaded himself that under the present system taxation is the basis of the right to representation. It happens that the occupation of some kind of house is at present the qualification for the franchise in boroughs; and the effect of the law is to exclude from the franchise some part of the poorest population. The married women, whose disabilities would not be relieved by Mr. FORSYTH's Bill, are not, as a rule, poorer, more ignorant, or less respectable than their neighbours, who are, unfortunately for themselves, obliged to appear in their own names on the rate-book. It might be demonstrably shown that the restrictions of the borough franchise and of the county franchise are equally inapplicable to women. There is no reason for adopting Mr. FORSYTH's narrow measure, except that its comparatively small dimensions form its only merit. The logical ladies who inspire the agitation are not alarmed by the paradoxical prospect of a constituency consisting, to the extent of one-half, of women. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, though he now adopts Mr. FORSYTH's modest proposal, is not careful to disguise his preference for a more comprehensive measure. It might be easily arranged that the wife of a ratepayer should have the suffrage; and the only objection to the scheme is that it would be always unnatural, and occasionally mischievous. If wives habitually voted with their husbands, their enfranchisement would be simply useless. An affectation of independence would promote domestic discomfort, and in some cases the votes of women might be controlled by political quacks or more commonly by spiritual agitators. It is possible that Mr. FORSYTH's instalment might produce little perceptible effect; but legislation which is essentially wrong in principle is not justified by the inefficiency which may tend to render it harmless. On a few questions, and in exceptional

circumstances, the majority of women might perhaps find themselves in opposition to the majority of men. If such a contingency occurred, the defeated party would resort to the dangerous remedy of disobedience. A House of Commons pledged by its female constituents to support some distasteful form of asceticism would find itself powerless to control masculine dissentients from its legislation.

The best proof of the increased attention which has been directed to the proposed innovation is the division which has taken place in the ranks of the more advanced Liberal party. Mr. LEATHAM for the second time expressed the strong repugnance to female suffrage which he shares with the majority of intelligent men. It may be inferred from his general opinions that he objects less to the dilution or deterioration of the constituencies than to the anomaly of introducing women into political life; yet it is possible that a thoughtful democrat might regard with apprehension a form of extended suffrage which would render the theory of numerical preponderance ridiculous. The most important incident of the debate was Mr. BRIGHT's opposition to the Bill. Some years ago he had voted for a similar measure through personal sympathy with Mr. MILL, who erroneously, but not unnaturally, believed that Mr. BRIGHT had been converted by his arguments. It is certain that, if the question had at that time appeared serious, Mr. MILL's influence would not have prevailed over a deliberate conviction. Mr. BRIGHT appears to be one of the numerous politicians who have been induced by the continuance of the agitation to reflect gravely on its principle and tendency. The objections which he now urges to the measure are substantially the same which have occurred to other opponents of female suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT is not prepared to admit that men and women have opposite interests, to be defended by one section of the community against another. Those who understand women best and respect them most will not be the first to allow them possession of the qualities which constitute political aptitude. Like other adversaries of the Bill, Mr. BRIGHT was probably unable or unwilling to give public expression to all his reasons for opposing the measure. On one point he could afford to speak more plainly than a less orthodox Liberal. One of the stock arguments in favour of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women is derived from the supposed advantage of their admission into the municipal electorate. Mr. BRIGHT asserts that in some instances scandalous consequences have resulted from their interference; and that hundreds of women have been seen in a state of intoxication during borough elections. It may be true that similar stories might be told of male voters; but to Mr. BRIGHT's manly nature the degradation of women properly appears far more repulsive. It may now be taken for granted that for some years to come there is no risk of the admission of women to the Parliamentary franchise. Mr. DISRAELI once more gave a silent vote in favour of the Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE was not present; and Lord HARTINGTON was accidentally prevented from voting with the majority. It would be harsh to grudge Mr. FORSYTH the consolation for his defeat which he finds in a letter to the newspapers. He regrets the want of time which prevented him from replying; and "he believes that nothing could have been easier" than to give a conclusive answer to many of the transparent fallacies which his opponents used as arguments in "the debate." As the arguments, fallacious or sound, had been repeatedly used before, it is unlucky that Mr. FORSYTH neglected to confute them by anticipation in his opening speech. His supporters in the debate may perhaps grumble at the implied censure on their incapacity to give the conclusive answers with which their leader seems to have been fully equipped.

M. WADDINGTON AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.

THE irritation of the Ultramontane party in France needs no better illustration than the reception they have given to M. WADDINGTON's speech at the Sorbonne on Saturday. If he had declared open war against the Church the organs of the clerical Right could hardly have been more indignant. They charge him with an intention of kidnapping the children of Christian parents in order to have them brought up as Atheists; and they see in the phrase "our young and dear Republic" an indication that the worst extravagances of the Irreconcilable Left will find their counterpart in the policy recommended by the

MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. Any one who reads the text of the speech will be greatly impressed by the fertility of the Ultramontane imagination and the freedom which characterizes its distribution of damning epithets. Had M. WADDINGTON's speech been delivered in England it would have been set down as a highly Conservative exercise. The part which is devoted to the subject of compulsory education might have been spoken by Lord SANDON himself. The examples of England, Germany, and Switzerland, says M. WADDINGTON, have attracted a good deal of attention in France, and the Government are resolved to advance with prudence, but to advance in that direction. This is just the language which is habitually used on the front Conservative bench whenever Mr. RICHARD or Mr. DIXON has to put down. We are profoundly impressed, says Lord SANDON or Mr. CROSS, with the necessity of getting children to school, and, so far as we move in the matter, it will be in the direction of extending the area within which attendance at school is enforced upon all children. But we are equally impressed with the difficulty of moving at all, and Parliament must not expect us to move with undue rapidity. The Conservative majority respond with great heartiness to this appeal, and the subject is laid aside for another Session. What is regarded as proper caution in England seems to be set down as revolutionary haste by the French Right. The state of education in France prevents a Minister from even dreaming of getting all children to school. As he very truly says, that is a triumph reserved for countries in which there are schools to send them to. Some day, when the necessary money has been spent, France will be one of these countries, and then it will be the duty of the Government to see that every parent gives his child a proper education. Thus France is still in the condition in which England was in before the passing of the Education Act, and the Ultramontanes may derive two alternative consolations from this fact. If they are sluggish, they may reflect that it will be a long time before the Government will be able to bring schools within the reach of every French child. If they are active, they may resolve to anticipate the Government by founding schools of their own. The same considerations which have made Denominational schools popular in England would make them popular in France. If the Church exerts itself and covers the face of the country with good elementary schools, the French ratepayer will be no more inclined than the English ratepayer to find large sums for building Government schools side by side with them. No doubt it is very much easier to denounce a Minister for having the impety to say that schools must be provided somehow than to make it unnecessary for him to say so by providing them beforehand. But in these days theological energy cannot choose its own ordeal; it must be tested, like any other energy, by its willingness to spend money. It is only fair to say that the French Church has not been found wanting when judged by this standard, and it is highly probable that when the reactionary journals have used up their stock of abuse, they will see in M. WADDINGTON's speech an invitation to be prepared with schools when the day comes for enforcing school attendance. If so, it would have been more dignified if they had digested the warning in silence, instead of giving their adversaries an occasion for taunting them with a dread of education even in its humblest form.

Perhaps the educational part of M. WADDINGTON's speech would have attracted less notice if it had not been followed by a political exhortation of a peculiarly exasperating character. Among the Minister's hearers were many delegates of provincial learned societies, and his closing words were in the nature of a message to those whom they represented. If M. WADDINGTON had told them that the object of the new Government was to overturn established institutions of every kind, the organs of the Right would probably have praised him for his frankness. Instead of this, he bade the delegates carry back the news that preparations were about to begin for an International Exhibition in 1878, and assure their fellow-citizens that, as this fact alone might show, the Government of the Republic is a Government of peace abroad and of order and tranquillity at home. "Tell them," M. WADDINGTON went on, "that this Government, while firmly resolved to maintain the rights of the State, cherishes a profound respect for everything that is dear to the religious conscience, and pays equal regard to the priest's cassock and the professor's gown." There is not a word in this message which does not contradict something that is dear to the reactionary, if not to the religious, con-

science. We saw last week how much anger had been aroused by the presumption of the Government in assuming that the Republic would be in being two years hence, and M. WADDINGTON's address is a fresh example of the same temper. The Right has for years been preaching that the Republic means foreign war and domestic anarchy; that it is so hated by other Powers that, so long as it lasts, there can be no security that France will not be invaded; and that, if her enemies have the forbearance to leave her alone, it is only in the conviction that civil war will do their work more quickly than they could do it themselves. The late Ministry took care never to say anything inconsistent with these mournful predictions; indeed M. BUFFET not unfrequently went a long way towards making them his own. Consequently the Right had at least the advantage of having the field to themselves; and where ignorant people hear only one side of a question, they are likely to forget that there is another side. Now, the same halfpenny journal which used to carry M. BUFFET'S speeches to every commune in France will carry M. WADDINGTON'S, and the electors will learn that the Government is contented with the present aspect of affairs, and feels no uneasiness about the future. This is naturally resented by those who have so long acted as missionaries of a very different doctrine, and all the more so that what the Government says is very likely to be believed. The Ultramontanes are in the position in which a nurse who has been telling a patient that he cannot recover finds herself when the doctor steps in and says that there is nothing seriously the matter. She can shake her head, of course, and repeat as soon as his back is turned that time will show that she is right; but the patient will probably be disposed to believe the doctor, and to send the nurse about her business.

M. WADDINGTON'S reference to the Church has two fatal faults in the eyes of the Ultramontanes. In the first place, he promises to respect the rights of conscience, whereas the weapon that has been used with most force against the Republic is the assertion that it means to destroy the Church and proscribe religion. Of a certain small section of French Republicans this may be true enough; and the policy of the Extreme Right, alike in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, has always been to confound the Irreconcilable Left with the Republican party generally. Unfortunately, M. WADDINGTON says no more than the great majority of Frenchmen will be ready to say with him. The Government is determined to maintain the rights of the State and to respect the rights of the Church. Each has its own sphere, and neither must intrude into the sphere of the other. In the second place, although this is very different language from that which the Ultramontanes have been warning people to expect from a Republican Government, it is not the less exceedingly distasteful to them. A Government which pays equal regard to the priest's cassock and to the professor's gown may be a Government to be endured, but it can never be a Government to be liked. Again, it is all very well to talk of respecting everything that is dear to the religious conscience, but in the opinion of Ultramontanes a great deal depends upon whose religious conscience is meant. M. WADDINGTON may have implied, probably did imply, that all religious consciences would be respected so far as the Government had to deal with them, and then his declaration bears a terrible likeness to that pestilent heresy which the Pope has been manfully striving to keep out of Spain. It is not enough that the cassock and the gown should be put on a level; the gown must be subordinated to the cassock before the wearer of the cassock will have had his due. If the Ultramontane party in France repudiate this interpretation of their views, how will they account for their rage at M. WADDINGTON'S speech? The best possible evidence that a man wants more than his due is the fact that he cannot keep his temper when he is offered his due.

MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE objection that to prescribe one kind of precaution is to proscribe every other has often been heard in connexion with the Merchant Shipping Bill, and it was again urged by Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY against Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposal to define what should be considered sufficient means of securing grain cargoes from shifting. The 14th Clause says that such cargoes shall be secured "by boards, bulk-

"heads, or otherwise." Mr. PLIMSOLL suggested that the boards should be of a certain thickness and should be placed in a certain way. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY answered that this amendment would prevent any adaptation of grain ships to the wants of the trade, and in particular that it would exclude the use of longitudinal iron bulkheads. As regards the latter argument, it would not be very difficult so to modify the clause as to make it allow, besides shifting boards, any other satisfactory mode of securing grain cargoes from shifting which is at present in use or likely soon to come into use; and if the invention of such methods should be unexpectedly rapid, it might not be impossible to introduce an amended definition in a year or two's time. Mr. PLIMSOLL did not seem thoroughly content with his own amendment; and, with the prospect of reopening every question at the next stage of the Bill, no member has any motive for pressing an amendment unless he is thoroughly content with it.

A more serious discussion was raised on the 15th Clause, which deals with the question of deck cargoes. The Bill simply says that, if deck cargoes are carried, they shall pay the same dues as any other part of the cargo. Mr. PLIMSOLL wishes to prohibit the practice of carrying deck cargoes altogether, and with this view he moved a series of amendments. The argument in favour of prohibition is, that deck cargoes are the cause of a large proportion of shipwrecks. The argument against prohibition is, that deck cargoes are profitable. Between these opposite pleas the 15th Clause was very speedily ground to atoms. If the danger of deck cargoes is to be the main thing regarded, it is merely trifling with the question to say that they shall pay the same dues as less dangerous cargoes. If their profitableness is to be the main thing regarded, why should it be diminished by the imposition of additional dues? Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY began his speech by the admission that deck cargoes are undoubtedly dangerous. The natural conclusion from this confession was either that he had been converted by Mr. PLIMSOLL'S reasoning and was prepared to accept his amendment, or that he thought that, dangerous as deck cargoes were, they brought in too much money to shipowners to be dispensed with, and that the clause would consequently be withdrawn. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY drew neither inference. The simple question, he said, was how deck cargoes could be prohibited, and the only way of prohibiting them which seemed to him satisfactory was to pass the clause as it stood. He then disclosed for the first time what the real motive of the clause is. The Government do not imagine that shipowners will be deterred from carrying deck cargoes by the amount of the additional duty; indeed Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY objected to an amendment of Mr. ASHLEY'S, imposing a heavier duty on the ground that it would operate as a prohibition of this particular mode of carriage. Shipowners are to be led into better ways by an appeal to something softer than their pockets. The 15th Clause "will be an important declaration by Parliament against the carrying of deck cargoes, and will no doubt have a beneficial effect." But a few minutes before Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY had defended the clause on the score that it did not impose a tax for the first time, but merely took away an objectionable premium on the dangerous stowage of cargo. The principle of the Tonnage Laws, he says, is "that all cargo-carrying space should be included in the tonnage measurement, and the only reason why deck cargo has not been included is that no one has devised a mode of measurement." Then what becomes of the important declaration by Parliament? It sinks into a declaration that a mode of measuring deck cargoes has at last been devised. This may be important as giving the effect of a Parliamentary registration to the increased intelligence of the Board of Trade, but it can have no other value.

About this time a new difficulty presented itself. The feeling of the House evidently was that deck cargoes were undoubtedly dangerous, and that something ought to be done in the direction of prohibiting them. But a great number of deck cargoes are brought into this country from foreign ports and in foreign ships, and nothing is known about their dangerous character until it has been shown that for this time, at all events, the danger has been averted. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY put the difficulty rather neatly when he said that, if foreign ships arrived here safely, it would be impossible to convict them on the ground that they ought to have gone to the bottom. The treatment of deck cargoes must therefore be determined by the general laws, whatever they are, which the Bill applies to foreign ships.

If it is intended to apply the same penalties to foreign ships as to British ships, with the difference that they will always be exacted after the completion of the voyage, Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY's impossibility disappears before the omnipotence of Parliament, though the inconveniences to be apprehended from such a provision do not perhaps disappear quite so completely. If foreign ships are to be allowed to go their own wicked way, and British ship-owners are to trust to profiting in the long run by the superior safety and lower rates of insurance secured by British laws, the difficulty will be got over in another way. A third mode of disposing of it would be to refuse to make British ships safe, because foreign ships cannot be made safe at the same time. The wonder that now came to light was this. The Government have not yet made up their minds what course to take about foreign ships. They seem to have understood that foreign ships sometimes load in British ports; but even this discovery has been made since the introduction of the Bill, for early on Monday evening the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that the exceeding difficulty of dealing with foreign ships so loading rendered it desirable to leave the question to be considered on the report. If this plan is to be freely adopted, the discussion of a Bill in Committee, or indeed on the second reading, will become altogether superfluous. All the really important clauses will be postponed, and the real struggle will begin after the contents of the Bill have nominally been settled. The fact that foreign ships unload as well as load in British ports broke on the Government for the first time on this terrible Monday. The effect of the discovery was immediately shown by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rising to explain that his promise to consider the question of foreign ships on the report only applied to foreign ships outward bound. To deal with foreign ships arriving in British ports would, he insisted, "be practically impossible." The Committee have by this time taken the measure of Ministerial impossibilities, and the discussion went on much as though Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had not spoken. We cannot legislate, said one member, until it is known what the Government propose to do about foreign shipping. It is impossible, said another, to make any real progress with the Bill until the Government have determined whether they will or will not deal with foreign shipping. Take back your Bill and recast it, said a third, and so on until it really seemed as though every member in the House, without regard to party, meant to cast a stone at this unlucky measure. Finally, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER put an end to the process by frankly admitting that there were many evils connected with the subject which the Government, after the most careful consideration, had found themselves unable to meet; and the Committee, having extracted this confession, were so far satisfied that they at once passed the clause.

Between Monday and Thursday the position of affairs underwent a complete change. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE rose to move that the 16th Clause, which provides for the entry of deck cargo in the official log, should be postponed. He scolded the Committee for misapprehending the general intention and scope of the Bill with regard to the question of deck cargoes and of the lading of vessels, and desired them thoroughly to understand what the measure proposed to do and what it did not propose to do. It was a little hard upon the Committee to be rated in this way, because Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at once went on to say that, in the matter of deck cargoes, the Government proposed to do something of which until that moment they had given no hint, and which on the previous Monday he had himself declared to be practically impossible. It is the intention of the Government to impose a penalty on deck cargoes, which will be levied, not only on British ships, but also on foreign ships arriving in British ports. This penalty is only to apply to ships laden with timber, and sailing from North America between the 1st of October and the 16th of March in any year, and it will not exceed 100*l*. It is evident that when the clause is brought forward there will be a great deal of opposition to the character of the penalty and to its limitation, both as regards the nature of the cargo and the port from which the vessel sails. If sailors are to be protected against loss of life arising from carrying timber from North America, why should they not be protected against similar loss of life arising from carrying timber from the Baltic, or other kinds of deck cargo from any port?

MACHINERY OF ELECTIONS.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the working of the machinery of elections recommend immediate legislation for the purpose of rendering clear the construction of certain directions contained in the Ballot Act. A witness mentioned to the Committee that in a case in an English Court upon this Act the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE concurred in a decision directly the reverse of the opinion which he had given as Attorney-General; and it appears that upon the same point contradictory decisions have been rendered by English and Scotch Courts, while an Irish Court has adopted an intermediate view. The Scotch judges held that it is essential to a valid vote that the ballot-paper be marked with a cross, and not with a mere line; that a ballot-paper marked with a cross to the left of the candidate's name must be rejected; and that a separate mark in addition to the cross, such as a superfluous cross, would render the vote null. These judges held that the "directions for the guidance of the voter" were an absolute and not merely directory enactment, and that Parliament had designedly stated its intention as to the manner in which alone papers should be marked in order to prevent the possible identification of the voter at the counting of votes. On the other hand, the Court of Common Pleas in England decided that the "directions" were not obligatory, and that all ballot-papers which were so marked that the voter's intention could be gathered should be held valid. We may remark that, if this be the case in which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is said to have concurred in the decision, the report does not bear out the statement, because it appears that he only read the considered judgment of the judges who had heard the case. It may be added that counsel who gives an opinion has not the advantage enjoyed by a judge of hearing argument, and the superstition which ascribes among opinions of counsel a higher value to that of an Attorney-General is as harmless as the belief that a full-bottomed wig necessarily covers a wise head. The Committee express their approval of the decision of the Court of Common Pleas, and make the proposal, which seems unnecessary, that the Home Office should forward the case and judgment to every Returning Officer. It may be doubted whether it was worth while to appoint a Parliamentary Committee to suggest to the Home Office to suggest to Returning Officers that "the shifting, stamping, perforating machine" is liable to fraudulent imitation, and "the percussion em-bossing machine" tries the hands of those who use it. The provision as to illiterate voters has much exercised the Committee, and perhaps as regards selections for School Boards, which, from the number of candidates, offer most difficulty, voters who can neither read nor write might without public mischief be excluded. Some witnesses think that a slight preliminary drill might enable illiterate voters at Parliamentary elections to mark, without serious risk of error, the names of the candidates for whom they wish to vote. It is generally agreed that this provision as to illiterates may be used in electioneering tactics for delay. From two to five minutes are spent over each illiterate, and sometimes fifteen minutes have been thus consumed. In some cases where there has been an interval between the close of the poll and the counting of the votes the ballot-boxes have been left without protection. At an Irish election, where this interval extended over two days, a guard was put upon the boxes only on the second day, and it would be in harmony with the genius of the people if a foray had been made upon the unprotected boxes. The special case of an island containing only five voters, and liable to have its communication with the mainland cut off by storms, might, said a witness, be provided for by requiring the voters to come to the mainland, which he said just before might be impossible.

The Act provides that the ballot-paper, after being marked by the voter, and folded, should be shown to the presiding officer, and the intention was that he should see that the paper has the official mark on the back. But at Manchester, by a convenient, or "common-sense" construction of the Act, this enactment has been set aside. In the first place, the embossed stamp used there is not always visible at the back of the paper; and, if it were, the presiding officer has not time to look at it. "The ballot-papers," says the Town Clerk of Manchester, "are, as a rule, put into the ballot-box without any attempt to show them to the presiding officer, and without any attempt

"on the part of the presiding officer to look at them." He does not see how the polling could go on if the presiding officer were to be interrupted in the performance of his duties by the voter coming and putting his paper before him, and, "practically," it is not done at Manchester. Considering the importance which some persons attached to this provision, it is rather startling to find it quietly set aside. It was intended, among other purposes, to guard against what is called, we believe, the "Tasmanian dodge," by which A goes to the polling-booth, gets his paper, brings it away, and hands it to B, who goes and votes with his paper, and brings away his own to be used by C, and so on. The advantage of this proceeding would be that the papers to be used by B, C, &c., might be marked by them, under the supervision of a candidate's agent, and the voter must either put in the previously marked paper, or none at all. This process might be applied to a hundred voters in succession, and the only thing necessary to start it would be that the first voter should be supplied with a paper which, when folded, would resemble the ballot-paper handed to him. It would afford some security that a briber would get value for his money, as the voter must vote according to contract, or not at all. Whether it would be worth while to adopt this "Tasmanian dodge" is, we think, doubtful; but the authors of the Act contemplated something of the kind as possible, and wished to provide against it, and their arrangement has been abrogated as impracticable at Manchester. Supposing that the Town Clerk's method of working the Act be accepted, it must be allowed that his result is satisfactory. The number of voting-papers shown to have been issued at the polling-booths agreed with the number found in the ballot-boxes on counting within five, and even this small discrepancy was explained by finding in the boxes a corresponding number of cards, which it was supposed the voters to whom they belonged had put in by mistake for papers. The witness admitted that in these cases, amounting, however, to only five at most, the voter was able to put the card into the ballot-box, although the intention of the Act was that the presiding officer should see that the ballot-papers themselves were put in. He said that, when you have 40,000 votes to be taken, "it is utterly impossible for anything of that kind to be checked, whatever the Act of Parliament might say," and we are inclined to believe him. In another point the rigour of the law has been mitigated at Manchester. The Act only allows three clear days between the nomination and the polling. But it would be impossible to make the necessary arrangements within that time, and, in fact, in the two elections which have been held under the Ballot, it was known that there would be a contest, and orders were given accordingly a week beforehand.

The question of illiterate voters appears, on the evidence, important. In Liverpool, as might be expected, this class of voters is, or seems to be, numerous; and the Town Clerk of Liverpool, confirming other witnesses, thinks that the provision as to illiterates facilitates bribery, although he does not suspect that it has been used for this purpose at Liverpool. "With the agent present," he says, "it is as easy as possible to tick off those who have voted according to promise." Thus there might be bribery in its most effective form, because the money need not be paid till it was known to have been earned. It would be difficult to carry out the practice to any considerable extent without detection, but the present point is the imperfection of the Ballot Act to attain one of its professed objects. The Town Clerk of Liverpool guesses the number of illiterates at 1,000 in 37,000 actual voters, and if this number could be effectually bribed, it would largely influence an election. A member of the Committee who took the illiterates under his protection suggests that, in the West of Ireland, where the population do not in general understand English, the Act inflicts special hardship, which is difficult to appreciate. But if he means that the names of Irish candidates ought to be printed in the way most intelligible to voters, we should agree with him. The ballot-paper now used has numbers affixed to the names of candidates, and it would apparently be easy for a voter, however illiterate, to learn beforehand against what numbers he should make his mark. Some witnesses, however, prefer that these marks should be omitted as unnecessary. In some large places the counting of the votes has been proceeded with continuously after the closing of the poll, and the result has been declared before midnight. In London and other places the count-

ing has been postponed to next day. The reason for proceeding continuously is the desire to make an end of the excitement and trouble of the election, and rapidity of counting depends on the employment of a numerous and competent staff of clerks. On the whole, it would appear that the machinery of the Act has worked satisfactorily. It is in many respects convenient, and this Report shows probably all that can be urged against it. Bribery has not been prevented by the Act, and only enthusiasts expected that bribery would be prevented by it. The Committee advise that all special provisions for the assistance of illiterate voters should be abolished, and those who supported the passing of the Act can hardly hesitate to adopt this amendment of it.

THE INFLEXIBLE.

WHEN the *Inflexible*, which was launched on Thursday last will not be ready for sea for at least another year, is finished, the English navy will possess the most formidable ship of war actually in existence. But how long will this precedence be maintained? Two Italian ships are now being built at Spezzia and Castellamare which will carry much heavier guns and thicker armour than the *Inflexible*; other countries may join in the competition, and push ahead; and when the race will come to an end nobody can say. For the moment, at least as regards this particular ship, we have the advantage; and if, when the *Inflexible* is ready for work, there should happen to be any work to be done, she ought to make herself decisively felt. But then the need of the *Inflexible* may not come till later, when she has been distanced by some foreign monster. There could not, in fact, be a more striking illustration of the difficulty of naval construction in modern days than that afforded by the history of this yet unfinished ship. When she was designed, two years ago, the officials at the Admiralty resolved that she should be the biggest and most powerful vessel ever built, and there can be no doubt that, as the phrase is, they did all they then knew to accomplish this result. Various changes have, however, been made in the ship during the course of construction, and it is known that her supremacy is already menaced. The continual advance in the size and cost of ironclads is, no doubt, extremely embarrassing; but it is one of the inevitable conditions of the problem to be solved, and, while it lasts, must be submitted to. Whatever other Powers may do, England cannot afford to be the one which lags behind in order to see what the rest are doing and to profit by their experience. There does, however, appear to be one point of finality which has been almost, if not quite, reached; and that is in regard to the weight of ships. A ship is bound to float, and the buoyancy which must be secured for her imposes a check on the indefinite heaping up of armour and armaments. Whatever addition is made to the weight of a ship above a certain point must now be made up for by a reduction in some other direction. If the guns grow heavier the armour must be lighter, and if the armour is increased in thickness the guns must give way. In the case of the *Inflexible*, which has been described by her designer as a rectangular armed castle, a thin iron ship serves as a platform for a citadel, containing a battery, and the armour-plating is strictly limited to the vital parts of the structure, such as the engines and boilers, turrets, the hydraulic loading gear, magazine, and quarters for officers and men. The thickness of the armour is therefore not uniform, but varies according to the risk of exposure and the necessity of protection; and a considerable part of the ship, being intended merely to supply buoyancy, gets but a thin coating. Yet, even with all this economy of armour, the displacement of the *Inflexible* will be no less than 11,407 tons, the greatest ever known; the *Sultan* having a displacement of only 8,899 tons, and the *Devastation* of 9,062 tons. It becomes a question, therefore, whether, in the case of the Italian ships now being built, the increase of armour above that of the *Inflexible* from 18 inches to 22, and of guns from 81-ton to 100-ton, may not injuriously affect the flotation of the vessels.

It is obviously of no use to kick against what cannot be helped, and the common-sense course is to take things as they are, and make the best of them. In this case England must go on experimenting and improving as long as foreign competition continues to be formidable. It is

frightfully costly, for ironclads at half a million or so apiece are also a constant drain in expensive repairs; but still the position of the country requires that it should be done, and that is enough. It does not follow of course that the extravagance or mismanagement of Ministers should not be jealously watched, for that is a separate question. But it is quite certain that whatever is really needful to be spent in this way will be, if not cheerfully, yet readily, voted, and that the country is bound, above all in this branch of defence, to keep itself at its full strength. It must be remembered that, even though a new ship is immediately surpassed by a foreign rival, it is not necessarily wasted. It may, as an individual ship, be inferior to some other ship of a foreign Power; but, on the other hand, if it is a good ship, it may be relied upon for good work, and ought to count accordingly. Naval wars are not like prize-ring fights, a contest between well-balanced combatants; the *Inflexible* may never happen to be matched against the *Dandolo* or the *Duilio*, or even against any greater *Peter the Great* which the Russians may build; but it might turn the fortune of an important engagement, and will always inspire respect on the part of other countries. And there is another aspect of the question which must not be neglected. The habit of mind which consists in constant watchfulness and effort, which never goes to sleep or gets lazy over the problems that start up from time to time, but is always, as it were, on guard and prepared to grapple with them, is the salvation of a country. In a particular case one nation or another may be fortunate in getting hold of an important invention before its neighbours; but in the long run the superiority remains with the people who are constantly awake to the general conditions of their work, and are uninterruptedly on the alert to appropriate new ideas. It may be well to try to get the thickest armour and the heaviest guns, but, after all, that is not everything; and, if the accounts which are given of the *Inflexible* may be relied upon, she ought to be not only very formidable in strength, but in hardiness, which in action is of vital importance. It is satisfactory to observe that the experience of recent disasters has not been neglected. The ram, or spur, of the *Inflexible* is made to unship during ordinary cruises; arrangements have been made for removing from the 135 water-tight compartments of the hull any water that may collect within them through collision or other cause; the bulkheads are provided with water-tight doors of an improved pattern, sluice-valves, manholes, and scuttles; and each of the water-tight compartments has been tested by hydraulic pressure. Again, the working of the ship in regard to the loading of the guns and in other ways will be made much easier, as well as more precise, by the use of hydraulic machinery; and great care seems to have been taken to render all the engines of the ship available in any case of emergency, such as a leak or collision.

It may be taken, then, that up to the present time, or at least up to the time when the plans had to be settled, the *Inflexible* is a very complete and redoubtable instrument of war. Still it must not be forgotten that it is only an instrument, and that it requires intelligent and practical persons to work it. An addle-headed giant is, after all, a poor creature; and the best ships in the world may be a source of weakness rather than of strength if manned by scratch crews of insufficient numbers and demoralized by a cruise being turned into a party of pleasure, and commanded by an admiral who is afraid to give intelligible orders in a fog, and simply trusts to Providence till he himself gets to port, leaving his ships to any fate that may overtake them, in utter ignorance of their movements, and by captains who do not know, or are indifferent to, their duties. Recent disasters have supplied a forcible lesson on the danger of officers dozing over their work or indulging in self-confident recklessness; and unfortunately these are faults which have been not only condoned, but encouraged, by the Admiralty of the day. We have read before now very pretty accounts of the mechanical perfection of the various ironclads, and, to a certain extent, this perfection has no doubt been attained. The *Vanguard* was lost, not because she was badly constructed, but because she was stupidly commanded; and the *Iron Duke* ran into her consort, and afterwards nearly committed suicide, because she had incompetent and careless people to look after her. You may have the most perfect instrument in the world, but, if you put it into the hands of a fool, he will probably cut his fingers or wound a friend. It may be doubted whether the facilities which improved mechanical science has afforded for working ships had not have a deteriorating effect both

on the prompt skill and on the habits of attention which formerly distinguished the service. It was certainly not owing to mere mechanical pre-eminence that the English fleets of other days gained their glorious reputation. It used to be the pride of men like NELSON to win victories with any kind of rotten old tub, and to make up by professional genius, alertness, and daring for the deficiencies of their ships. Nowadays, under Mr. WARD HUNT's administration, officers in high places are encouraged to make themselves purely ornamental persons, and are assured beforehand that the Admiralty will always take care to supply a scapegoat of inferior rank. The figure of an incapable FIRST LORD cast a dark and ominous shadow the other day on the launch of the *Inflexible*.

INTERNAL DEVELOPMENTS OF AMERICAN RELIGION.

WE lately noticed the remarkable change which has taken place during the past century in the condition and relative numbers and importance of the various religious communions in North America. These external changes naturally suggest a further inquiry as to the internal causes from which they spring. Such an inquiry derives a peculiar interest from the circumstance, to which we then called attention, that, since the conversion of the Empire, no Christian country can be found in which religious questions have been left to work themselves out with so little interference from the civil power. "A fair field and no favour" has been the professed and, to a large extent, the actual policy of the United States Government in its dealings with rival denominations; and it is something more than a matter of mere idle curiosity to watch the result, which can hardly be said altogether to conform to what the warmest advocates of that system would anticipate or desire. Amid the varying shades of Protestant Christianity represented in the American religion of a century ago—and there was no other Christianity worth taking into account—there was exceedingly little variety in points of speculative belief. The rival, or rather neighbouring, Churches not only agreed to differ, but differed much less than they agreed. Their general tone was that of a stern, dogmatic Calvinism. The most superficial acquaintance with American religionists in our own day would suffice to prove how complete has been the revolution in this respect. How far this reaction is connected with political changes is too wide a question for merely parenthetical discussion. But it has often been observed—if we remember rightly, by Mr. Lecky among others—that Calvinism has a natural affinity to systems of political and religious despotism; and a striking illustration of that view may be found in the undoubted fact that the religious revolt against Calvinism in America coincided with the democratic revolt against the Conservative politics of the first founders of the Republic. One of the first effects of the altered tone of religious sentiment is seen in the formation of the large sect who have assumed, with questionable modesty, the designation of "Christians," and who now stand fifth in order of numerical strength, having no less than 3,500 churches. But still more significant is the enormous and rapid growth of Methodism, now ranking *facile princeps* among American denominations, with its 25,000 parishes, and seventy millions of Church property. For its attractive power lay in an uncompromising appeal from the religion of the intellect to the religion of the feelings. While Calvinism "lay entrenched in the outworks of the understanding," Methodism cared little for logical convictions or dogmatic forms; it lived in a world of spiritual ecstasy, and spoke direct to the heart, basing its assurance always on the inward witness, sometimes also on the audible voice, of the Divine Spirit. Yet it did not sink, like Quakerism, into a mere system of otiose contemplation, or what in Catholic mystics has been condemned under the name of Quietism. It preached, organized, laboured; its dominant passion and purpose was to save souls. One of its earliest apostles in America is said in the course of his forty-five years' ministry to have ridden twelve times the distance of the diameter of the earth. These men were for the most part unlettered enthusiasts, but they laid the foundations of what has now grown into a vast organization, with stately churches, colleges, schools of theology, a powerful periodical press, a learned ministry, and the largest following of any American communion.

To a certain extent a similar explanation may be given of the growth of the Baptist community, which still remains second on the list. For, in spite of their retention of modified Calvinism, no religionists have shown so marked a contempt for the historical aspect of Christianity, or have more pertinaciously insisted on "the Bible, and the Bible only," as the sole rule of faith. And so far it fell in with the prevalent tendency to substitute a religion of sentiment for a religion of dogmatic forms. Even among the Congregationalists a Transcendental school sprang up, who built on Coleridge's maxim that "Christianity is not a theory or speculation, but a living process." And accordingly at the Congregationalist Council held at Boston in 1865 it was found impossible to agree upon any doctrinal confession. Another side of this same tendency to a sentimental rather than a doctrinal system of religion found expression in an aesthetic and quasi-ritualistic revival, which at first sight seems hardly to harmonize with it. That

stained windows and choral services, and surpliced choirs and crosses, and the restoration of the altar to its original position on an elevated platform at the east end of the church, should gradually become the rule in the Episcopal communion was natural enough, for it was only a return to its own earlier traditions. It is more curious to detect a similar movement in bodies priding themselves on their exclusively Protestant character, and whose traditional precedents were all the other way. Yet "the pealing organ" began to be heard in Baptist and Methodist churches glowing with "a dim religious light," and choirs—not always even eschewing "the rag of Popery"—sang services which would have sounded strange indeed in the ears of Jonathan Edwards or the Pilgrim Fathers. But this is only one side of the picture. Contemporaneously with the pietistic reaction against Calvinism, and as an immediate result of political causes, there arose a decided impulse towards strong ecclesiastical organization. There are no doubt a great many religious bodies in America, though not probably so many as in England. But the general tendency of American Christianity has been, and is, not towards an indefinite multiplication of sects, but rather to a crystallization round a few dominant and clearly ascertained types of belief. In no country in Europe, Catholic or Protestant, is the Church left so completely untrammelled by State interference, and nowhere, accordingly, have the great religious bodies so effectually asserted an independent power and position of their own. When the Revolution was over, they found themselves left to their own devices, and began at once in good earnest to improve the occasion. The Presbyterians were the first to act, and, before the Federal Government had come into full operation, their Constitution was organized in the form it still retains. It follows from what has been said that, instead of disestablishment serving to merge religious distinctions, as is sometimes oddly assumed, the result of throwing rival communions on their own internal resources produces a precisely opposite effect. It brings their distinctive principles more prominently into play. This may be most aptly illustrated from the history of that one of the American communions which for many of our readers will have the most immediate interest.

When the "Protestant Episcopal Church" of America first started on its independent course, a small and insignificant sect, deprived of the civil support and prestige to which it had been accustomed, outnumbered by all the principal Protestant bodies, and labouring under a dead weight of inherited unpopularity, its aims were unambitious and its policy tame enough. Its chief characteristic was an unimpeachable respectability. One of its first bishops was noted for being "dignified without animation"; another for his "unusually slow and deliberate pronunciation"; a third for a style of preaching "rather moral than Evangelical." At the same time, these prelates, who lacked the civil rank and influence of their brethren in England, were fain, as far as possible, to sink the characteristic claims of their episcopal office, and Bishop White looked favourably on a scheme for union with the Methodists. It was not till the beginning of the present century—but still a good thirty years before the commencement of the Tractarian revival in England—that a change passed over the spirit of what was no longer merely a despised and struggling Church. In his *Companion to the Altar and Apology for Apostolic Order* Hobart laid the foundations of a different and more distinctive system both in doctrine and devotion; and his elevation to the episcopate gave him the opportunity of asserting his principles in a more authoritative manner, when he openly condemned co-operation with outlying religious bodies, and denounced the Bible Society on the express ground that the differences between Christians are not "on points subordinate and non-essential only." Within the course of another generation his principles came to be generally accepted, and the informant on whom we have chiefly relied, and who is evidently an acute observer, remarks that "the decided growth of the Episcopal Church dates from the period when it clearly enunciated" its distinctive theory. It is of course only the natural sequel from this that, while religious men in all communions have protested against "the Evangelical" heresy that the normal state of the Church Universal is a state of schism, the unrestricted liberty of ecclesiastical action in the United States has been so far from leading to any amalgamation on the basis of what is sometimes vaguely termed "our common Christianity," that it has helped to sharpen the distinctions of faith and discipline. It is obvious that under these conditions a new class of questions must inevitably emerge between Church and State, notwithstanding the professed principle of entire separation; and with a brief notice of this point we must conclude.

We have already seen that the Roman Catholic Church has risen almost from nonentity to become the fourth largest in numbers, and in wealth the second, among religious bodies in America. This increase is, however, mainly due to the rush of Catholic immigrants from Europe, and it seems doubtful whether it has even kept pace with the immigration. Be that as it may, the Catholic body has become a very powerful one, and it has now thrown down the gauntlet to the State on a question which is at this moment the standing difficulty of more than one European Government. As long ago as 1840 the Roman Catholic authorities demanded the withdrawal of the Protestant Bible from the course of instruction in the public schools; but the real controversy was felt on both sides to turn, not so much on the reading of a few verses from a translation unauthorized by the Church, as on the deeper question of secular or denominational education.

There seems to be no adequate reason for assuming that the opposition to the present Public School system is based on any covert hostility to the political institutions of America generally, and Catholics may be credited with quite sense enough to be aware of the almost unexampled facilities secured to them under that Constitution, of which they have not been at all slow to take advantage. The question, however, has now become a burning one, and three parties, mutually antagonistic, are organized or engaged in organizing themselves with a view to pressing their demands on the Federal Legislature. The Roman Catholics, as is natural, demand the abolition of the existing system and the apportionment of the education fund between the different religious bodies according to their numerical strength. The Protestant party, desiring to avert the entire secularization of the school system and to maintain the reading of the Bible, and feeling their position to be a precarious one under a Constitution which professedly excludes all official recognition of religion, desire a change which may give it a distinctively Christian—by which they mean distinctively Protestant—character. They accordingly propose the insertion of a clause in the preamble of the Constitution, expressing "a national recognition of Almighty God," of Christ, and of the Bible. An agitation for this purpose was set on foot in 1863. On the other hand, the secular party demand such a reform in the Constitution as may distinctly eliminate all such religious "survivals of a pre-national period," as it still exhibits. There are nine points in their programme, which is too long to quote here, and it includes, of course, the abolition of Bible-reading in the schools, as well as the absolute refusal of public funds for any "sectarian" purpose whatever, whether charitable, educational, or other, and of all enforcement of the observance of Sunday or of "Christian morality"—as distinct from "natural morality"—in any shape. Both these parties last named would be agreed in their resistance to the Catholic claim, but they are directly at issue with each other. On the whole, after the American experiment has been for a century on its trial, we may certainly say, with a writer already quoted, that "he would be a very bold or a very thoughtless man who would venture to affirm that the ideal of Catholic unity has been reached in this system of 'strenuously competing sects,' or that the problem of Church and State has received a final solution in remitting public worship to voluntary support."

THE SPARE ROOM.

A YOUNG couple setting up house in the country, however small may be their income and however limited the number of their servants, never dream of denying themselves the convenience of a spare room. The expense of receiving an occasional visitor is trifling; the ordinary domestic arrangements are scarcely disturbed; it is a treat to see a fresh face at the dinner-table, and pleasant to have a chat with some one outside the small circle of home and its neighbourhood. Time is sometimes rather a drug, particularly in the evening; so the hours spent in lounging about the garden in the moonlight are not regretted. The lady of the house has probably a basket carriage in which she can take her friends short excursions through the cool green lanes. The few pleasures within reach are not costly; there are no new books which must be read and returned to Mudie. Having tea out of doors is often sufficient excitement for a whole afternoon, and blackberry-gathering for another. Wet mornings are spent in looking out suitable extracts for the penny readings, or in knitting comforters for the old men in the village. The hostess feels herself quite under an obligation to the visitors who bring a little change into her quiet home. She knows it is only affection which induces them to come and stay with her. But in London the case is widely different. To busy people of moderate wealth the acknowledged possession of a spare room represents an income-tax of several shillings in the pound. It means to be forced to take in lodgers all the year round who do not pay, but who expect as much attention as if they were in an American hotel—to be obliged, not only to supply them with free quarters, but to amuse, advise, chaperon, perhaps even nurse and bury them. When one of the squire's many daughters marries her cousin in the Bluetape Office and they establish themselves in a tolerably comfortable, if single-brick, house at Kensington, they agree that their income does not allow much margin for hospitality. It would be unwise to start a guest-chamber, which in all probability would never be empty. In consequence of this sensible decision the servants are comfortably established in separate rooms, none of them in the region of the cellars or black-beetles. The master of the house has a roomy, well-appointed dressing-room, a cosy study, and even a den in which he may make a mess with shavings or collodion. The lady of the house rejoices in a little corner cupboard where she can puzzle undisturbed over the weekly bills, and write home letters descriptive of her happiness and her husband's extraordinary popularity amongst his new relations. The servants she represents as perfect treasures; but as the cook has had no opportunity of displaying her ignorance, because the young couple have dined out nearly every day, and as the housemaid has had an unlimited number of evenings to devote to her young man, this is not so very surprising. That such a state of things should go on for ever is perhaps scarcely desirable, but there is little chance of it, for one afternoon the bride's brother arrives unexpectedly from Calcutta. Accustomed, like all Anglo-Indians,

to give and receive unbounded hospitality, he never dreams of going to an hotel, but, collecting his innumerable traps, and a perfect menagerie of birds and beasts, drives at once to his sister's house. She is at a concert, but he stacks his portmanteaus in the hall, takes the monkeys to the kitchen, and hides himself in the drawing-room to surprise his sister when she returns home. The young wife screams as some one, not her husband, darts out from behind the portière and clasps her in his arms, and then half cries with delight to see the youngster who used to be the plague of her life grown into a handsome bearded man. Of course he is quite right to be sure that she can take him in; the fatted calf is immediately killed; the cook improvises for dinner an extra dish which she fondly believes to be a Madras curry, the table-maid gives an additional polish to the spoons, and a bottle of champagne makes its appearance from the cellar. Some sort of shakedown is arranged in the dressing-room, probably composed of a small iron bed, with an arm-chair at the foot to lengthen it, for six feet three does not repose comfortably on a six-feet stretcher. The owner of the elaborately arranged dressing-room good-naturedly rigs himself up a temporary establishment in the greenhouse, knocks in a nail on which to hang his wife's hand-glass, and is content to use the watering-pot for his chamber-jug. There is some little difficulty about tubbing; but it is easy to solve such difficulties amongst relations, and the brothers-in-law become all the sooner intimate from being obliged to be companions of the bath. Of course slippers, studs, clothes-brushes, button-hooks, collars, and neckties are all hopelessly mislaid; but at last a very happy trio sit down together at the breakfast-table. The only misfortune of the day is that the young husband misses his train, and arrives too late at his office.

The reason why so many people living in London avoid having a spare room is not because they do not wish to take in a friend, but because they find it impossible to protect themselves from acquaintances they dislike. And this is the case with our young couple. The thin edge of the wedge once introduced, their house is turned by a little audacity into a cheap and pleasant hotel. Soon comes a letter, full of the most lively affection, from an aunt by no means beloved in the family. She is delighted to hear what a charming *bijou* of a house her dear niece has got, and is longing to have the delight of watching how she does the honours of her own table. Besides, she is dying to become better acquainted with a nephew of whom she everywhere hears the most flattering descriptions. Could her dear niece find any little corner for her, no matter where, in the garrets, on a sofa, or a mattress on the floor? The poor innocent young couple have not strength of mind to risk a quarrel by saying No, and they cannot plead not having a corner after taking their brother in; so they tender an unwilling hospitality, with what grace they can muster, and prepare to make the best of circumstances. Again the dressing-room has to be turned upside down and the boots, brushes, and razors removed, this time to a uncomfortable closet under the stairs, in which it is impossible to turn round. The victim has not now the consolation of giving up his comforts for the sake of a fellow who is at least good company and with whom he can have a comfortable smoke after dinner. Then, too, it is almost impossible to give an elderly lady of vast proportions a small emigrant bedstead on which to lay her portly form; so a more imposing structure of brass has to be purchased, as well as a hanging wardrobe in which to stow away the new dresses which she has come to town to buy. The result is that very considerable cheque has to be drawn, and that the dressing-room is promoted to the dignity of a guest-chamber. The aunt arrives; there is much display of enthusiastic affection amidst the pile of boxes and other litter that block the narrow hall, the passage, and the stairs, whilst in the background looms helpless and unprovided for an unexpected addition in the shape of a French maid. But, unabashed, the self-invited visitor explains that she has brought Frisette with her, and hopes her dear niece does not mind, and that if there is no cupboard in which she can be put, they will now go out and look for a room in the neighbourhood. She found that she really had so much to do and was so easily knocked up when without proper attendance, that Frisette in the long run would save trouble; besides, it was necessary to let her see the fashions at least once a year. By and by the husband returns. For the first time he does so almost reluctantly, and no wonder, for the evening drags along wearily in convulsive attempts at conversation. The host and hostess, obliged to lay aside their usual occupations, and not even able to talk freely to each other, are compelled to listen with an appearance of interest to tiresome details of all the commissions which have to be executed, and to the anticipated horrors of the dentist's back parlour. Meantime, Frisette has been giving herself airs downstairs and teaching the servants to be above their places and discontented with their food. She has observed divers shortcomings of management, and picked up numberless pieces of gossip, which will be duly retailed and exaggerated to her mistress, who will thus be prepared to give hints and good advice to her puzzled and distracted hostess. Eventually the day arrives on which it has been arranged that the unwelcome visitors are to take their departure. The master of the house, with natural politeness, says as many civil things as he can possibly force his tongue to utter, as he bids good-by after breakfast. All through the day's work visions of the quiet happy evening awaiting him pass before his eyes. He indulges in a hansom to reach home half an hour sooner, and then finds that the conventional regrets he expressed in the morning with so much difficulty have been taken advan-

tage of, and that his house still remains in the hands of the enemy.

After several ineffectual struggles against their fate, the young couple are finally obliged to succumb, and to allow their spare room to become as much public property as if it were in the Great Western Hotel. The old clergyman from Stoneshire comes to look for a curate, and numerous seedily dressed men of the most repulsive appearance occupy the drawing-room during the afternoons. An elderly, hungry-looking Irishman arrives at luncheon-time, and it is impossible for the kind-hearted young hostess, with her country ideas, not to ask him to share it. It seems to her that no reasonable being wants a curacy, and that the old vicar will have to stay for ever looking for one. Happily, he is recalled because no one can be found to take his Sunday duty, and he is replaced by a lady in search of a governess. Before inviting herself, she had put in an advertisement to clinch matters, and prevent the possibility of being refused. The hall door bell now rings all day long, and the servants are fully occupied in showing candidates upstairs and out again. Letters have to be posted at every hour of the day and night, and that in the district office, as country people have a prejudice against pillar-boxes and fancy the contents are never delivered. The parlourmaid falls ill and the housemaid gives warning; the cook, who is dishonest and incompetent, remains. Now comes a letter from two pretty lively girls, saying that, if their dear cousin would only take them in for a few weeks, they would have "such fun," and would promise not to give one bit of trouble, as their aunt will chaperon them everywhere. All they want is bed and breakfast like a City clerk; but bed means returning at three o'clock every morning, and breakfast means a separate meal at half-past ten, which the lady of the house has to see after herself, otherwise the day's work would never be got through by the servants. One of the girls becomes engaged, and her mother sends the hostess a hamper of cabbages. Without any warning two schoolboys next arrive; scarlatina has broken out at the college and their baby brother at home is in measles. Naturally they are not in the least afflicted, and prepare to enjoy themselves thoroughly. One or two bolstering matches leave more feathers in the corners of the room than in the pillows, but the best part, the down, flies out of the windows. The carved ivory paper-knives make capital shoeing-horns, and do not last too long; the best use to make of ink is to spill it, and it is quite necessary to have a couple of squirts to amuse themselves with in the morning while waiting for breakfast. If the schoolboys are mischievous, the helpless widow who comes up on business is almost more intolerable. She asks advice upon every subject under the sun, from how to invest her money down to the proper kind of boot-laces to get for Harry. She never has the correct address of any person she wishes to go and see, or of any shop at which she wants to make purchases, nor can she ever master the difference between Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus, or between King's Cross and Charing Cross. She sends in countless parcels "to be paid on delivery," but invariably forgets to leave the money for them. Every cabman she hires receives an umbrella in addition to his fare; and many a fruitless inquiry has to be made at Scotland Yard.

When the season is over the young couple awake to the startling fact that, owing to some mysterious dispensation of Providence, not one of their particular friends has slept a night in the house. The guest-chamber, always full, has been entirely occupied by people for whom they do not care in the least, and whom they never would have dreamed of asking. Indeed, now they think of it, they are not conscious of having invited a single creature. The girl whose never absent lover bored them to death was certainly not asked, nor yet the old lady who put tracts in their boots, and insisted on evening prayers. The Spiritualist who took unto himself seven other spirits, and who broke the leg of their best oak table, was self-invited; so was the lady who kept her room for a week while a new set of teeth was being prepared for her, and then for another week trying some cosmetic, which turned out disastrously and prevented her appearance to the outer world. The little bride saw too much of her, as she was compelled to read aloud by the firelight for her entertainment. What a blessing it is to be able at last to shut up house and go away for a run, and to have found an honest charwoman to take charge of everything! But there is no peace even yet for the doomed spare room. The young lady whose visit in the spring turned out such a signal success is now going to be married, and writes to say she is sure her dear cousin will allow her to bring mamma up to order the trousseau. They do not in the least mind that there are no servants or that the kitchen is being whitewashed. They will bring their own maid and man, who can do everything. The unhappy possessors of this popular house groan in spirit, but they are as helpless against an experienced woman of the world as they were against the girl who came to get music lessons and made life unendurable with the exercises she sang all day long out of tune. But perhaps their troubles have one good effect. The husband absolutely welcomes with effusion the mother-in-law, the monthly nurse, and the baby, who effectually put an end to the existence of the spare room.

KEBLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

THE completion of the chapel of Keble College, Oxford, is an incident of which, whatever his own views may be, no candid man can deny the importance, whether he looks upon it in its

academic, its ecclesiastical, or its architectural relations. It is ten years since John Keble died—for some portion of his life a resident Fellow, but for a longer one a country vicar—and his name and memory are already living at Oxford in a foundation which, both by the buildings raised or contracted for, and by the body of students who already use those buildings, has made its position good among the foremost colleges. This fact is very significant as to Keble's own character and influence; but it is perhaps even more significant as to the power and tenacity of the principles of which his whole career was a proclamation, with the incidental and personal result of that career ending neither in close, deanery, nor palace, but in the vicarage of a living of which the patron had been his own pupil. There was no external compulsion to found a college in Oxford, or elsewhere, in his honour; on the contrary, the idea was, in many ways, risky. The money might not be forthcoming; the University of Oxford might repudiate the new comer; or the expected undergraduates might refuse the invitation. Any untoward accident might have marred the whole undertaking. These dangers have, however, all been so completely overcome by the simple process of going on in disregard of them, that the worst ill fortune of which Keble College can now complain is that it is not proof against a mildly invidious refrain of criticism, as "one-sided," "partisan," and so forth. This opposition rests no doubt upon a substratum of material fact; for it is certain that, while the Oxford of the last half-century has been successively the headquarters of strongly defined and antagonistic parties, only one of these parties has struck out the idea of putting its hands into its own pockets in order, at its own expense, to create its own college; while the invention of other parties has been limited to reshaping those existing colleges for which preceding ages paid, and to criticizing the motives and the results of the Keble experiment. We shall not examine the cheap living and high teaching which are, so we are told, the special feature of the adventure; for our present object is to call attention to the very conspicuous addition made, by the singular munificence of a donor who did not live to see it completed, to the Keble pile, of which this week has witnessed the opening. It was in order to appreciate the idea which dominated this offering that we have referred to the phenomenon of such a college having been created in so brief a time, and in honour of a man whose characteristic excellence was the absolute opposite of popularity seeking.

Keble College Chapel, with its conspicuous height, is not only the leading feature of the whole body of buildings, but it has brought the lower ranges which hitherto composed the college into an intelligible order, to the detriment of much criticism which has been offered, in forgetfulness that a quadrangle which has been composed with the intention of contrasting the massive bulks of Chapel, Hall, and Library with the more humble proportions appropriate to a series of students' lodgings must, so long as only the latter are in existence, look low and mean. Tuesday not only saw the Chapel opened, but the first stone laid of a library and hall of equivalent dimensions, due to anonymous generosity, which are to occupy the still unfinished side of the quadrangle. When these are completed, no doubt the artistic estimate formed of the composition as it now presents itself will have again to be reformed. The criticism of the material adopted remains, and in this we recognize both a right and a wrong. The objections which have been raised, after the experiences of the perishable nature of Oxford stone, to the use of red brick were idle prejudice, and no good reason could be given for refusing to relieve, as was common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the dominant hue with occasional patterns of other colours. But Mr. Butterfield has certainly raised what should have been an accessory into a leading characteristic, and has, by the repeated streaks and chevrons of white bricks—a material unknown to our ancestors—much imperilled the scholarlike sobriety which belongs to our characteristic collegiate architecture when carried out in red brick by builders like those of Queen's College, Cambridge, of the second court of St. John's, and of Magdalen, since its restoration. Time of course will help to mellow this party colouring, and we hope for compensation in the more chastened treatment of materials in the Hall and Library. Keble Chapel is built in general conformity with the middle or Edwardian style of Gothic, and upon an exceedingly simple plan, consisting of a parallelogram with a recess or small transept for the organ on the south, and of a porch open to the interior at the western extremity of the same side. This apartment is boldly groined, and wears an aspect of stately spaciousness in excess of its absolute dimensions. It is about as broad, though not so long, as Guildhall, London; but we do not suppose that any one who had seen the two would suppose that it was the smaller chamber. Before we examine the decorations we have a word to say upon its general arrangements. A college chapel, as any one conversant with ecclesiastical architecture is well aware, has its own distinctive plan, correlative to, but widely distinguishable from, that of a parish church. The latter comprises a nave for worshippers with seats looking eastward, and a chancel or choir for the immediate ministers, with stalls or seats facing each other, and ranging lengthways down the building. In a college the members—both Fellows or tutors and students—are treated, at all events while at worship, as a religious corporation; so the nave of the parish church shrinks into an ante-chapel, which is either kept empty for musterings and other uses for which such an open area is found to be peculiarly convenient, or lent for the worship of strangers and dependents. On the other hand, the longer space of the building, representing the chancel and parted from the ante-chapel

by some screen, is known as the "chapel" proper, and is fitted lengthways with the seats which the members of the house occupy; the stalls of the chief officers, like those of the dean and sub-dean in a cathedral, being returned to the westward. This arrangement is not only most consonant with traditional practice, but is found by practical disciplinarians to be peculiarly convenient, from the otherwise unattainable opportunity which it gives them of enfilading their younger charges. Accordingly the modern chapels of Exeter College and of St. John's, Cambridge, by Sir Gilbert Scott, as well as of Balliol and St. Augustine's, Canterbury, by Mr. Butterfield himself, not to mention those of many schools, are arranged upon the old plan. At Keble College, however, the architect has unfortunately been persuaded to abandon the collegiate plan and—at the sacrifice of any ante-chapel—to lay out his area like an ordinary church with a nave for undergraduates seated crossways, a chancel beyond for the choir, and of course the sanctuary at the east end. We shall accordingly forget that we are dealing with a college chapel, and criticize the building as one more new church.

As such, it is decidedly successful in reproducing the minster type within single and unbroken hall. The minster, as we have had often to insist, presents in its full development the triple arrangement of arcade, triforium, and clerestory, and is most perfect when the roof is groined. At Keble Chapel the triple effect is given by a lofty wall arcading, a range of recessed panels above, and then the windows, which may be treated as, internally at all events, a clerestory, the east and west windows standing at the same height. The wall arcading, with its frequent slender shafts and foliated heads of white stone, is a graceful feature in itself; and we regret that, out of regard to its vertical feeling, the architect had not forbore to employ his favourite decoration of longitudinal particoloured stripes of bricks and pattern-bearing stone. The motif of this is obviously to bring out the continuity of the wall lying behind the arcading, but the result is to jar against the vertical effect of the composition. Besides, why should we be reminded that the wall behind an internal arcading is continuous, when the intention of such a feature is to create a series of spaces each suitable for its independent treatment within the architectural framework? The triforium-like panels are filled with a series of Scriptural pictures, presenting Old and New Testament events, in type and antitype executed by a process of mosaic which Mr. Butterfield has the credit of having worked out, its specialty being that, as it is made up of much larger tesserae than Venetian and other similar mosaics, so it is both more easy and cheaper to produce. The surface is somewhat rough, but this is, at the height at which it is here employed, not at all a detriment, while the general effect, where the picture does not catch the light, is curiously like that of tapestry. In fully recognizing the general effectiveness of this series of pictures, as well as the material value of the new process, we wish that more attention had been paid to the anatomical modelling of the figures. These are days of criticism, and the less the eye is tempted to exercise that faculty the more cheerfully will the mind take in the teaching which such representations are intended to convey. The lofty reredos of alabaster, with its white marble cross, is one of the most effective features of the building. The series of mosaic pictures is carried round the west and east ends, the central point to the east over the altar being a quatrefoil containing a large sitting figure of Our Lord in "majesty." The general posture is stately, but the effect is certainly impaired both by the dull red of the dress and by the heavy yellow of the aureole behind. This was the point at which Mr. Butterfield might well have made an eclectic use of that gold mosaic which the modern Venetian masters have inherited from the older system, for an aureole in real glass-gold mosaic would have lighted up the whole east end, and given value by the contrast to the subdued tones of all the remaining subjects. The feature of the chapel which is least satisfactory is certainly the painted glass of the east window. The defects of drawing which the heavy wooden figures exhibit are relieved by no harmonious sparkle of colour, for crude unbalanced patches of red and yellow arrest the eye, while the curiously alternated blues and yellows of the lowest portion are cruelly conspicuous. This is the more to be regretted as we have glass-painters from whose studios far different work would have proceeded.

As we have indicated, the chapel soars outside with conspicuous boldness over the other college buildings. Its plan necessitated the gabled porch jutting out from the extreme western part of the south side, and the result of this is that a too sharp vertical line is produced when the elevation is seen at full face. A projecting oriel or turret at the corner would have harmonized the over-abrupt juncture.

SIGNOR ROSSI.

"AMLETO," tragedy in six acts, by William Shakespeare, "tradotta e ridotta per la scena Italiana da C. Rusconi," has been performed by Signor Rossi. It is perhaps of little matter whether the play is arranged in five acts or in six; but we may fairly find fault with whoever is responsible for the production of Signor Rusconi's text and the English version printed side by side with it. The simple method of printing Shakespeare's lines as if they were prose has been for the most part adopted; but here and there Shakespeare's words are improved upon, and there occur startling discrepancies between the Italian and the English

text. For instance, "Io, si, e con me Marcello," becomes "A piece of him, and Marcellus also"; and "Era un uomo perfetto" is rendered by "He was a man take him for all in all"; the rest of the well-known passage is omitted. In other places the compiler of the book has shown a sudden and laudable desire to disregard Shakspere in order to follow the Italian version exactly. Thus, in the ghost scene, "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?" becomes "Debbo dargli sulla testa?" and appears again in the English text as "Shall I knock him on the head?" to which Horatio replies, "Yes, do." We may also fairly object to having tradesmen's advertisements thrust under our eyes at the end of each act. For such inconveniences as these, however, Signor Rossi is of course not responsible, and they cannot affect his performance.

Signor Rossi is an undoubtedly ingenious actor, and his ingenuity has been shown as much in the great difference between his first and second renderings of Hamlet as in anything else. On his first appearance he was suffering severely from a cold, and every allowance had to be made for the difficulties to which he was unwilling to yield. But the extravagances which marked his first performance can hardly have been the effect of a cold; and we may either suppose that they were toned down on the second occasion in consequence of what was said about them in the press, or that the actor is anxious to show himself capable of playing the same character in different ways. It was said in Paris that Signor Rossi gave out that he never knew, when he went on the scene, how he was going to represent the character he played; and if this is his method, any amount of variation in his performances is of course to be expected. Whether the method is a good one or not is another question. Certain main features in both the first and the second performance of Signor Rossi as Hamlet were, however, necessarily the same. As far as one can judge of an actor's conception of a character from what he does with it on the stage, Signor Rossi seems to have settled very definitely the question whether Hamlet were really mad or not, and represents him as a dangerous lunatic through a great part of the play. Again, on neither of Signor Rossi's appearances was there much excuse to be found for Ophelia's belief that Hamlet was the glass of fashion and the mould of form; there was not a trace either of a prince's dignity or a courtier's grace, and there were but few indications of a noble mind. On the other hand, it must be admitted that what the actor sets himself to do he does thoroughly; and from his conduct in the scene with his mother it was more easy to understand her alarm than it has been in the case of players of Hamlet who have retained more temperance in the midst of passion. Signor Rossi's gesture has all the freedom which one expects from a distinguished Italian actor; but it has the great defect of monotony; for the expression of great excitement he relies alternately upon ruffling and pulling his hair, and upon striking an attitude with both arms outstretched above his head. There is a want of variety also in his elocution, which in long speeches is apt to be decidedly tiresome; he counteracts its dulness by employing a device which seldom fails to command applause. This device, a sudden change from a stilted to a familiar tone, and from a slow to a rapid utterance, may on some occasions be employed with good effect; but by constant use it degenerates into a mere trick. Having said thus much of the general impression produced by Signor Rossi's method, we may go on to consider his performance of Hamlet in more detail.

His appearance in the first act, when, from the arrangement of the stage as well as from the importance of his character, he is the figure which at once attracts attention, is marked by an intense gloom, which nothing lightens or varies for a moment. His reception of Horatio, "I know you are no truant," is so profoundly melancholy that he seems to be mourning for his friend's industrious disposition, and even the excitement of hearing that his father's ghost has appeared hardly makes a break in the monotony of his despair. When the Ghost appears to him, however, he displays a good deal of excitement; so much that, when it has disappeared, he falls flat on the ground and speaks part of the ensuing speech in that position. The words "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave" are not given in Signor Rossi's version, and "You'll reveal it," in answer to Horatio's demand for the Ghost's news, becomes merely "Non posso." Part of the address to the fellow in the cellarage is, however, retained, and delivered with sufficient wildness; but, oddly enough, it is to the Ghost, not to Horatio and Marcellus, that the command to shift the ground is addressed. The curtain falls upon Hamlet administering the oath of secrecy to Marcellus and Horatio.

In the scene of the second act with Polonius Signor Rossi shows an appreciation of Hamlet's ironical humour, but he gives it a strange element of savagery; and through this act there are various departures from its ordinary business which appear unreasonable. Polonius's "Still harping on my daughter" is addressed to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and it is not of the player but of Hamlet that the words "Look whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes" are spoken. The final soliloquy is delivered with considerable strength, but the appeal to the audience is far too obvious when the actor at "O—O—Vendetta" comes down to the footlights and stands in his favourite posture with his arms spread out; and throughout the speech there is too much beating of the head and tearing of the hair. The scene with Ophelia is given, strangely enough, with a certain tameness, with the air of a man delivering a moral discourse rather than of one in great excitement. This, however, is interrupted at "Vostro padre è in casa?" after which Signor Rossi flings open the door at the

back through which he has seen Polonius, and cries, presumably after his retreating figure, "Let the doors be shut upon him."

Perhaps the greatest difference between Signor Rossi's first and second performances has been observed in the play scene. On both occasions he kept up, in which there can be little doubt that he is right, a restless and excited demeanour; and on both occasions the actor's excessively tiresome habit of beginning and interrupting every one of his speeches with variously intonated exclamations of ah! and eh! was exhibited at its worst. On his first appearance, however, Signor Rossi adopted a very singular manner of expressing his triumph after the King's flight; he walked to the throne and sat down in it, kicking up both his legs in the air and clapping his hands wildly together. This action he judiciously omitted on his second appearance, when he also modified the remarkably hideous dress which he at first wore. Signor Rossi makes a departure which, whether wise or not, certainly attracts attention, from English traditions in the speech about the recorder, which he delivers without any appearance of excitement, handing the instrument back to Rosencrantz at the end of the speech with a subdued laugh.

In the scene between Hamlet and his mother both Signor Rossi's best and worst qualities are brought out strongly. It is difficult to admire the brutality with which he drags her about the stage and tears the King's miniature from her to stamp on it with wild fury; and one cannot but think the skill of gesture with which he imitates the birds and "the famous ape," in one of the speeches generally omitted, misplaced. On the other hand, the entreaty to his mother to repent was given with true feeling. In the graveyard scene Signor Rossi's discourse over the skull was marked by the same dulness and air of preaching which we have before observed, and there was a want of passion in the struggle with Laertes. The actor's performance in the last scene had, as far as execution went, a good deal of merit. The arrangement of the scene is curious. Before the fencing assault there are two speeches inserted, which we will give in the English version:—

HORATIO (to Hamlet). My lord, please do not.

HAMLET. My friend, honour compels me, but if I am betrayed none will enjoy my death.

Thus Hamlet is evidently prepared for the treachery upon which he afterwards so loudly exclaims. When Laertes succeeds in touching Hamlet the prince disarms him and offers him his own foil. Then comes this dialogue:—

LAERTES. Why, you give me your foil.

HAMLET. Yes.

LAERTES. I am lost.

When Laertes has told Hamlet the story of the plot, the prince rushes on the King, and shortening his hold on the foil, stabs him with a backhanded blow, after which he stands over him and compels him to drink what remains in the poisoned goblet. The meekness with which the King, who is not so disabled that he cannot stand up, submits to this is remarkable; perhaps he felt that, as he was wounded to death, it mattered little whether he drank the poison or not. Hamlet, having completed this business, staggers to the throne and dies, prophesying the reign of Fortinbras in a speech which, it may be observed, is omitted in the published version.

We have said nothing of the other actors concerned with Signor Rossi in the performance of *Hamlet*, and beyond the fact that they knew their parts there is nothing to be said about them. It seems to us that Signor Rossi himself might do wisely to appear in some strong melodramatic part. He would undoubtedly make his performances more acceptable if he would speak his words without the inarticulate cries which constantly disfigure his utterance.

THE RATIONALE OF MIRACLES.

THE time has evidently arrived when Christian apologists must review their position in regard to miracles. The revolution which has taken place within the last few years in the domain of physical science, if in some respects it makes the defence of miracles easier, renders at the same time a change of front absolutely inevitable. Some of the old arguments have become not only obsolete, but mischievous, and even those which are sound must be recast in order to bring them into harmony with the changed aspect which nature presents to the scientific eye in the light of recent discoveries, that of evolution in particular. This has been enforced so strikingly in an article on miracles in the new number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, that we make no apology to our readers for calling attention to it.

The first thing to be done in such a review as we have suggested is to dismember the defence of miracles of arguments which are clearly untenable. And we will begin with one which the writer of the article, probably for want of space, dismisses in a short paragraph, and which can claim among its advocates some great names—among the rest that of Dr. Mozley; we mean the distinction sought to be established between the miracles of Scripture and what are called ecclesiastical miracles. We have no objection at all to the rejection of any or all of the so-called ecclesiastical miracles on their merits. What we object to, an utterly inadmissible from a logical point of view and ruinous as a matter of tactics, is the setting up of an arbitrary line on one side of which miracles are freely accepted, on the other rigidly excluded. Dr. Mozley, in his generally

clear and powerful argument for miracles, lays down a number of tests by which, as he thinks, the miracles of Scripture may be distinguished from all others. But when these tests are examined they prove to be quite illusory. Let us look at one or two of them. "Wildness," "puerile extravagance," "grotesqueness and absurdity" mark, he thinks, the class of non-Scriptural miracles. This is certainly true of some, perhaps of most, of the ecclesiastical miracles; but it is by no means true of all. On the other hand, these same tests supply the favourite objections of scepticism against several of the miracles of the Bible; such as the speaking of the serpent to Eve, and of the ass to Balaam; the transformation of the rod of Moses into a serpent, which devoured the transformed rods of the magicians and then returned to its former shape; the destruction of the children which mocked Elisha; and the resurrection of a corpse which had afterwards accidentally touched his lifeless bones. It is clear, therefore, that what looks like extravagance and absurdity cannot be admitted as a valid test, since it proves too much. Dr. Mozley, indeed, endeavours to get rid of this objection by contrasting "the quantity and the proportion" of "miracles of an eccentric type" recorded in ecclesiastical history with those of the same class recorded in the Bible. But is not this to forget the fact that the Bible miracles are merely an inspired selection out of a large mass of alleged miracles? Not to dwell on the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels, the author of the Fourth Gospel states explicitly that the miracles recorded by himself are but a fractional part of those which he had witnessed. On the other hand, a selection might easily be made of post-apostolic miracles which would answer all Dr. Mozley's tests. It would be difficult, for example, to summon a witness more competent in every way to give satisfactory evidence as to any matter which fell within the range of his own experience than St. Augustine of Hippo. Now St. Augustine bears witness to the reality of several miracles which were alleged to have occurred in his neighbourhood during his lifetime; and he declares, in particular, that he beheld one of those miracles with his own eyes. Ambrose, Irenaeus, and other great names bear similar testimony; and, if we summarily reject their evidence merely because it comes into collision with some arbitrary assumption of our own, we shall find it rather difficult, as the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review* reminds us, to make any effective answer to the professed sceptic when he proposes to "carry the principle a little further, and deal in like manner with St. Paul." We repeat that we are not at present passing judgment on the character or credibility of any of the ecclesiastical miracles; we are only pointing out the unreasonableness and the danger of rejecting them in the lump, not on their merits, but in obedience to a canon of criticism which will not bear investigation. The anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* and several other writers of repute have aimed at the miracles of the Bible, and with considerable effect, the arguments usually advanced against ecclesiastical miracles; a fact which illustrates the proverbial danger of playing with edged tools. It is better to admit frankly and at once the impossibility of laying down any criteria which shall include all the Biblical miracles and exclude all the ecclesiastical.

One of the most perplexing objections against miracles is the difficulty of distinguishing those which are of Divine origin from those which are the result of Satanic agency. Scripture admits the reality of the latter class as distinctly as that of the former, and it is therefore with considerable plausibility that the assailant of the doctrine of miracles urges the impossibility of accepting miraculous phenomena, granting their existence, as evidence of Divine intervention. May they not point, on the contrary, it is asked, to the intervention of an evil spirit? The writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly* admits that the author of *Supernatural Religion* "has here hit upon a weak point in our modern theology, and with great ingenuity has driven his attack home." The fact is that Calvinism has largely distorted, wherever it has prevailed, the features of the Christian faith, and among these distortions is its polemical use of the argument from miracles. In the Calvinistic system Christianity is narrowed down to the deliverance of a revelation from God to man. This He is supposed to have done some eighteen centuries ago; the Bible contains that revelation, and human redemption consists in the subjective apprehension and appropriation by man of the truths contained in the inspired volume. The sole *raison d'être* of miracles, therefore, is to attest the Divine origin of the revelation, and, having fulfilled this function, they naturally ceased with the close of the canon of Scripture. The Calvinist has thus an obvious reason for rejecting all post-apostolic miracles; but the result has been to throw on the doctrine of miracles a burden which that doctrine was never intended, and which it is in fact incompetent, to support. Miracles are thus isolated not only from all other acts of Divine Providence in nature, but even from the laws and rules of Divine action in the sphere of grace. They are in contradiction not merely to the course of nature, but quite as much to the course of the Divine action generally. This is the first distortion of the miracle by Calvinism; and the second consists in wrenching it from its true meaning and import. Its existence and significance are strictly limited to its evidential value. Unless it can be shown to be the Divine certificate of some revealed doctrine, a miracle is on Calvinistic principles simply incredible.

Of course the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review* does not deny that miracles form, and were intended to form, an important element in the mass of evidence on which Christianity rests. What he does deny is that evidence is their primary purpose and chief end. The Resurrection of our Lord,

for example, is one of the great arguments for the truth of his religion, and has constantly been appealed to as such by Christian apologists from St. Paul downwards. Yet the chief purpose of our Lord's resurrection was not to furnish credentials for the truth of his mission, but to regenerate humanity—a work in which his resurrection from the dead was a necessary link. The truth, however, is that, as the writer of the article has well expressed it, "we must look at revelation, not as a system of doctrines contained in an inspired book, but as a series of complex historical facts." "Christianity is a very complex historical fact, with a vast multiplicity of aspects"; and what we have to do therefore in sifting the evidence of its origin is to view it as a whole and sum up the general impression. If that impression shows that, regarded as an organized institution, it is on the whole, from first to last, on the side of whatever conduces to the honour of God and the happiness of man, then it is evident that it is from God, and it follows of course that its miracles must be from God also. This gets rid of the objection against miracles from the assumed impossibility of differentiating Divine miracles from those wrought by the agency of evil spirits. "It is not as attesting a message that a miracle has evidential value, but merely as one out of many elements in a complex historical fact." Our Lord, indeed, once or twice appealed to his miracles as evidencing the divinity of his mission; but it is remarkable that he invariably refused to work a miracle to convince his adversaries, and this when he was pointedly invited to do so. Nay, more, in the story of Dives and Lazarus he lays it down as a kind of theological axiom that miracles are of themselves insufficient to establish the reality of a spiritual world. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Miracles are thus seen to be only one element in the vast mass of proof which guarantees the Divine origin of Christianity, and Christianity is so completely opposed to the Devil's work that it would be irrational to suppose that Christian miracles could be the result of Satanic agency. This is, in fact, our Lord's own answer to a similar objection, when he pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the Devil would work miracles in favour of a system which was manifestly hostile to him.

But, if we are to reject their evidential character as the *differential* of miracles, where shall we look for their characteristic mark? A miracle has been variously defined as "an infraction of the laws of nature," "an event contrary to the order of nature," "a suspension of the laws of nature," and the like. The writer of the article rejects all such definitions as untenable alike on theological and scientific grounds. Miracles can never be either a violation or suspension of any of the laws of nature. On the contrary, a miracle must of necessity postulate the order of nature as its correlate. Our Lord's walking on the sea implied the co-existence of the law of gravitation, for "gravity is an essential condition to the possibility of walking." The uninterrupted course of natural laws is, in fact, the physical basis on which the doctrine of miracles rests. But when we speak of "the order of nature," we must remember that the phrase has a history, and connotes two opposite schools of thought—that of the *à priori* philosophy and that of the Sense philosophy. According to the former, "laws of nature" mean "those ultimate principles of human reason to which all the phenomena of nature are in the end reducible." The truths of arithmetic and geometry are instances in point. That the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that two straight lines running parallel can never inclose a space, are truths of which, when they are once fairly grasped by the mind, the contradictory is simply inconceivable. Mr. J. S. Mill, indeed, actually denied this, and boldly affirmed the possibility of a world where two and two might make five—though perhaps this is only a quibble, or bad pun, on the ambiguous import of the word "make"—and where two parallel straight lines might enclose a space. The question, however, is not whether a world might exist in which the inhabitants might think that two and two make five—for some of the inmates of our lunatic asylums are possibly of the same opinion—but whether the sane inhabitants of this planet, constituted as they now are, can conceive the possibility of such a thing? We confidently affirm that they cannot. In the view of the *à priori* philosophy therefore the suspension of a law of nature would be equivalent to the suspension of human intelligence.

According to the Sense philosophy, on the other hand, of which Mr. Mill was a distinguished advocate, there is no such thing as a necessary sequence in the order of nature. It is all a matter of experience, and our expectation that natural phenomena will pursue their orderly course as heretofore is not a conclusion of the reason at all, but of the imagination only. Dr. Mozley stormed this position in one of the most brilliant of his Bampton Lectures, and turned the arguments of the Sense philosophy school against itself with crushing effect. But so unmetaphysical and illogical are some of the most eminent of the impugners of miracles—Professor Tyndall, for example—that they glide backward and forward, according to the exigencies of their argument, between the *à priori* philosophy and the Sense philosophy, in utter unconsciousness that the two are mutually destructive.

If, then, the usual definitions of a miracle are misleading or inadequate, what shall we offer by way of substitute? To constitute a miracle, it is plain that we must fix upon some *differential* which separates it from the product of purely natural forces. Now, what is the essential characteristic of the products of natural forces? It is that they go straight to their mark with blind and brutal obstinacy, regardless of persons and reckless of consequences.

Such is the token of a physical law; it is mere power, and knows nothing of purpose. But man can impress his purpose on physical laws, and make them subservient to his will. If, therefore, we find in any given case that outside the sphere of man's activity the blind forces of nature are evidently controlled and directed towards some special end, it is reasonable to conclude that they are obeying the dictates of an intelligence higher than man's. This leads the writer of the article to a definition of miracle as an "event impressed with a visible purpose lying outside the sphere of man's activity." It follows accordingly that it is not superhuman power simply, but superhuman power "radiant with a Divine purpose," which constitutes the *differentialia* of a miracle. The stilling of the storm on the Lake of Galilee might in itself have been a natural event. What denoted the miracle was the calm immediately following on the command to the wind to be still.

The fact is that the doctrine of evolution has not only made it incumbent on the upholders of miracles to reconsider their arguments; it has also undermined the ordinary arguments of scepticism. The doctrine of evolution implies that the Creator of the Universe is energetically present through all the operations of nature. "For," to quote again the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly*, "according to evolution, nature has no permanent mechanical constitution, confining it within certain limits. It is rather conceived as a series of progressive events or individuations in time. Now, if we consider that the series of events which make up the succession of nature *in time* is and must be a *history*, that is, a contingent series, the impossibility of throwing back design under evolution is manifest." In other words, if this world were a machine set going for a certain time, the result would be constant and invariable effects following from constant mechanical causes. But evolution has to do with living forms, and these, according to that doctrine, are essentially variable. Granting that protoplasm is chemically the same in the germ-cell of a man and of a fish, this only makes it all the more certain that a presiding mind directs and shapes the very different results. But if we admit that a Supreme Mind is behind the framework of nature directing and controlling its forces, we shall recognize that a miracle is only an instance of the same control charged with a more manifest purpose. The will of God acting on brute matter and compelling its obedience is not different in kind from the will of man energizing through the material organism of the body; and the one is no more than the other a violation or suspension of physical law. If the process by which the loaves were multiplied or Lazarus restored to life were laid bare, a man of science would probably be able to analyse and explain it as easily as he now explains the processes which are daily going on in the laboratory of nature.

We cannot afford space to pursue the argument further. Those who may wish to do so will find matter for fruitful reflection in the article which we have been considering; and meanwhile we trust that the writer of the article will develop his argument, for it supplies premisses for a volume.

A MILLIONAIRE FUNERAL.

IN recent years there has been a marked disposition in this country to curtail as far as possible the decorative pomp and ceremony which have become associated with funerals; but in the United States the opposite tendency seems to prevail. The New York papers are full of what are called "the final tributes to the earthly remains of the Great Merchant," and the arrangements of the funeral are of course described in language of becoming magnificence. The Great Merchant, it is needless to say, is Mr. Stewart, late dry-goods warehouseman of New York. He is reputed to have left twenty millions of dollars, and such a dazzling accumulation has naturally attracted abundant worshippers. No doubt most of those who thus bow down before the golden calf are inspired by a more or less conscious hope that somehow or other they may attain to a share of similar greatness; but there is also a sense in which the awe and admiration of the multitude for mere wealth is perfectly disinterested. There is something in the idea of a vast heap of money which excites minds otherwise dull and stagnant. There are potentialities about immense wealth which stimulate the imagination, and in any case it is felt that the general circle of humanity is ennobled by having a tremendously rich man in the family, even though no legacies are expected. There is a reflected enjoyment and elation in thinking that one man at least has this command of money, and in allowing the imagination, as it were, to handle the coin. The school of philosophers who are always preaching about the greatness of common things will now be delighted to find a dry goods business surrounded by a halo of romance.

As far as we can gather, Mr. Stewart seems to have been a very respectable man, who made his money by his steady business habits and devotion to his shop. We can readily believe that, in so far as greatness can be associated with a dry goods store, Mr. Stewart was a great man of his kind. But it is evident that, in the popular view of the matter, his greatness consisted in his fortune rather than in his personal character; and in all probability, if he had been less opulent, he would never have been heard of beyond the range of his customers. At the same time, there is no doubt a great deal of the dry goods element up and down the world, and it is only natural that it should make the most of itself. This has been done at New York by giving Mr. Stewart a public funeral, for a touching and picturesque account of which we are

indebted to the *New York Herald*. "It is probable," we are told, "that no private citizen of New York ever before had paid him at his funeral such a spontaneous tribute to his memory as was yesterday displayed by the people of the metropolis to the remains of Alexander T. Stewart." Before the funeral the body lay in state in the "marble palace" of which Mr. Stewart had formerly been the proprietor. "The dead merchant," we read, "was attired in a simple walking-dress suit, much like what he was wont to wear in life, consisting of a black frock coat, a vest cut low, with black doe-skin trousers, a white evening tie, the shirt-bosom bearing three plain pearl buttons on its snowy surface." A touch of art was, however, added to the embellishment of the corpse. "The face of the deceased looked very natural, having a slight pink tinge." And so poor Mr. Stewart, with his white tie and dress shirt, and looking all the more ghastly for the dab of rouge, was exposed to public view. The coffin was of course not an ordinary coffin, but one of the new patent "preservers" which have supplemented the ordinary ice coffins. Perhaps, however, we ought to apologize for using such a term as coffin. It appears that this word is considered on the other side of the Atlantic too prosaic and vulgar a term to be used on grand occasions, and a coffin is therefore called a "casket." In the present instance, the casket appears to have been of the most gorgeous description. It was of oak, completely covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, and trimmed with the heaviest gold fringe bullion and gold tassels. The interior was lined with white tufted satin, trimmed with white silk, and the lid was lined with white satin in the form of "gathered sun rays," these rays being richly studded with gold. The pillow was also of satin, and the handles of plated gold; the screws were all gold, and the knobs were of silver washed with gold. Altogether, the arrangements seem to have been such as must have been highly refreshing to the mind of a successful linendraper. The casket was placed on "a massive, oblong mound of flowers three feet high, covered with moss, in which white roses and japonicas were thickly studded"; and the reporter assures us that "those who have not seen the interior of this vast and noble hall can form no idea of its palatial magnificence," but "briefly it may be said that the surroundings were a fit setting for the casket and the banks of gorgeous and odorous flowers." At the head of the bier stood a floral cross over six feet in height, surmounted by a crown of violets, and "surrounding the casket were broken columns, harps, and anchors." An immense crowd surrounded the house, and for several hours "there streamed around the casket representatives of every profession and social rank in the metropolis, among whom were notabilities and celebrities of fashion, mercantile life, art, science, and wealth." "Hundreds of ladies who had received invitations came too late, and were forced to remain outside of the mansion." After the friends of the family and those especially invited had taken a last look at the deceased, the clerks of the store, two by two, marched past the casket, followed by five hundred women and girls employed by the firm. Of the hearse we learn only that it was a very handsome one, and of course brand new. The church in which the service was read was also decorated with flowers and foliage, and, when the procession moved into the churchyard, "the casket, held high in the air, with its golden handles and bullion fringes glittering in the open day, formed a focus to which every eye was turned." The widow of the deceased naturally enjoyed a good deal of the reporter's attention. At first, "broken with grief, she sat in an upper saloon"; then Judge Hilton was seen escorting her "bowed figure" from the house; and it is thought necessary to state that in the churchyard Mrs. Stewart "seemed deeply moved." And so an admiring public paid its tribute of respect to "the greatest business man the country has ever seen."

Mr. Stewart's peculiar position might perhaps account for any exceptional display at his funeral; but it would appear that the system of exhibiting dead bodies to a curious mob tends to encourage a taste for fantastic ceremonial. On the same day that Stewart was buried there was another remarkable funeral in New York, which at any other time would probably have attracted more attention. Mrs. Roxcellanah H. Keyser was the inmate of a fine "brown house" in East Fifty-Seventh Street, and was reported to be worth much money. Tradition said that her husband—for she was a widow—had been buried in his wedding-garments, and attended to his grave by seventy carriages; and Mrs. Keyser had decided to be similarly honoured. Accordingly, she had a hearse and six black horses, "the vehicle of death being as handsome as any in the city, and the horses elegantly caparisoned with velvet and rich trappings"; and behind came four four-horse carriages, and seventy-two two-horse carriages, so that Mrs. Keyser decidedly had an advantage over her husband. The body was laid out in state in the deceased's house, where the religious service was performed. "The casket was of oak, with a gold plate and gold-mounted silver handles," covered with a black velvet pall trimmed with heavy bullion fringe and tassels. The casket and fittings, however, seem to have been quite thrown into the shade by the deceased lady herself, who, we are told, "was robed in a very rich white satin bridal costume, trailed along which were wreaths of fragrant flowers." "The casket itself was lined with white satin, and floral emblems were scattered in profusion about the place where the remains were laid." A cross of flowers seven feet high stood at one end of the coffin, and "there were also anchors and a lyre." It is said that several hundreds of "well-dressed people" availed themselves of the opportunity of amusing themselves with this pretty sight.

When the privileged visitors had passed through the room where the body lay, the mob outside thrust aside the barricades and swarmed into the house. The cost of the display is estimated at 8,000 dollars, the casket alone costing nearly 2,000 dollars, and the flowers being equal to "a fortune for a poor family." On the whole, this affair seems to have gone a little beyond the taste of New York, for the *Herald* remarks that "the scene somehow seemed robbed of solemnity, and appeared more like a marriage than a funeral." As far as we are aware, there are as yet no indications of a similar mania among ourselves; indeed the symptoms are happily rather the other way; but, considering the passion for public display and excitement which has been so strikingly displayed in recent years, it is hard to say how far the gratification of vulgar ostentation may ultimately be carried.

We gather that, though the contemplation of Mr. Stewart's prodigious fortune has excited great enthusiasm among his fellow-citizens, his will has caused some disappointment. In this document, says the *New York Herald*, Mr. Stewart "appears in the light of one who hesitated till the opportunity was gone." "He dreamed over magnificent schemes for the benefit of the city—public charities doubtless of a very practical nature—but he could not decide, and life passed away ere he could determine how to act, or to decide which of the many schemes was most to his satisfaction"; and now "all that grand opportunity, all the luxury of doing good on a scale not often offered, is bequeathed to the millionaire's wife as a holy duty, with his whole fortune as the means to carry out his wishes." We have here, perhaps, the moral of these great fortunes. A vast accumulation of money is cherished for its own sake, as a monument of success and power. The possessor prefers to brood in imagination over the possibilities which are brought within his reach by his command of almost boundless wealth rather than sink it in doubtful experiments. A great fortune is great only when intact; when spent it changes its character, for it is tied down to particular uses. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Stewart and her trustee, Judge Hilton, will have the courage to disperse the great accumulation which has been left at their disposal.

THE BIBLE-EARTH.

WHEN we spoke casually last week of people who believed the earth to be flat, and the sun to be rather near it, we had remembrances of stories which we had read in the papers and of communications with which we had been once or twice favoured ourselves; but we had no notion that their authors formed an organized sect, or that they could aspire to be represented, like other organized sects, in the periodical press. But so it is. The astronomers, and the unlearned who humbly accept the teaching of the astronomers, have no longer to meet single or scattered adversaries in single combats or skirmishes; they have to meet face to face with the orderly phalanx of the "Bible-Earth League of Christians." As yet indeed we know only the chief and captain; we have not had the privilege of hearing anything of the rank and file. But a league in its own nature implies members; "tres faciunt collegium." We cannot conceive a league of one person only, any more than we can answer the ancient question, "How shall he marry without e'er a wife?" We have indeed heard of a person of unusually careful garb and stately gait being described as "a procession of one"; but there is nothing in the etymology of the word procession which implies plurality, while a league, a binding together, implies more than one thing capable of being so bound. We assume then that the Bible-Earth League of Christians does not consist only of Ferdinand FitzGerald, Esq., for many years editor of the *African Times*, and who now is, or wishes to become, editor of a monthly periodical called the *Bible-Earth*. We remember, indeed, the letters which used to appear in the *Athenaeum* with the signature of Hermann Heinfetter, which were addressed "to the Members of the Anglo-Biblical Institute," and began "Dear Brother Members." We believe that the Anglo-Biblical Institute and its members existed only in the imagination of their correspondent. We should be glad to believe that it was otherwise, as we should like to see some genuine Anglo-Biblicals in the flesh; they would, one would think, altogether distance Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans. But Mr. Ferdinand FitzGerald seems to be much more a man of the world—not, of course, of any world that goes round, but of his own flat world—than Mr. Heinfetter. Mr. Heinfetter must have spent a great deal of money on the letters which appeared as advertisements. Mr. FitzGerald is very eager to prove the earth to be flat, and to save immortal souls by so proving it; but he is by no means eager to prove it at his own cost. The fifteen years' editor of the *African Times* has doubtless seen much more of men and things, and has generally better learned what is what, than the solitary dreamer of the Anglo-Biblical Institute. He at least knows that "the work of surveys, and obtaining other incontrovertible proof that the earth is not a rotating revolving globe, will be necessarily expensive, and can only be effected by the liberal contributions of Christians." Moreover there is worldly wisdom in the rule that the six shillings per annum which might entitle us to receive the *Bible-Earth* monthly shall be "payable in advance." And more worldly wisdom still, though not exactly the spirit of a martyr, is shown in this singular stipulation:—"Every contributor to the League and subscriber to the journal will be deemed to be a member of the League, but no name of a sub-

scriber will be published without his or her consent until after the truth of a plane, motionless earth has been so fully established that no ridicule can any longer attach to a belief in it." Mr. FitzGerald, whose soul burns within him, and who is in agony for immortal souls, must deem the flatness of the earth to be a principle as worthy to suffer for or to fight for as any principle set forth by the first preachers of Christianity or of Islam. But if the first preachers of Christianity or of Islam had promised their converts to keep their names hidden till the truth of the new creed was so firmly established that no ridicule could attach to its professors, we hardly think that either faith would have made the way in the world which it did make. But then, though Christianity and Islam were propagated in widely different ways, neither of them was propagated by means of subscriptions and Post-Office orders.

We assume then that the *Bible-Earth* League of Christians really exists, and does not consist solely of Mr. Ferdinand FitzGerald. We all know that the wildest doctrine is sure to gain some supporters and to draw forth some contributions in money. Otherwise we might be astounded at the news that there is any organized body of people, even the two or three gathered together who are needful to make either a college or a league, who can band themselves together to prove that the earth is flat and that a sun much smaller than the earth goes round it at a distance of about four thousand miles. Save that we have long left off being astounded at anything, we should certainly be astounded at this; but we must do Mr. FitzGerald the justice to say that he is not, like enthusiasts of less worldly experience, at all astounded at people being astounded at him. It is, in truth, exactly what he expects. He expects to meet with ridicule and vituperation, and he is quite prepared to bear them in his own person; it is only his subscribers whom he wishes to shield from them till the expensive surveys made at their cost shall have made the flatness of the earth and the nearness of the sun so certain that nobody would be any longer laughed at for believing in them. Mr. FitzGerald, in his agony for immortal souls, is fearless of ridicule, even the "ridicule which all-confident human science and educational prejudice will direct against him." But he has made up his mind not to return any such treatment in kind. As "abuse is not argument, nor does it strengthen argument," he will take care that the *Bible-Earth* shall not be open to any objections on this score. "Anything having the character of vituperation or abuse will not be allowed in the columns of the *Bible-Earth*." Its "columns will be equally open to the defenders of Newtonian astronomy, to disprove, if they can, the supposed facts adduced therein in support of a plane, motionless earth, and the deductions and inferences that may be made from them." But "the controversy must be carried on in its columns with that mutual respect to which all sincere belief is entitled." Mr. FitzGerald, in short, will not do like those sinners the Newtonian astronomers. As yet "Newtonian astronomy so entirely monopolizes the field of daily and weekly journalism and other periodical literature, that supposed proofs and arguments against it and its conclusions appeal in vain for insertion, and meet with ridicule and contempt." The *Bible-Earth* will not be like these unfair specimens of periodical literature. There a fair field will be open; the appeals of an Adams or a Le Verrier for insertion in the *Bible-Earth* will not be in vain, nor will their supposed proofs and arguments be met with ridicule and contempt. There is something charming in this, and something specially charming in the words which we have put in italics. Mr. FitzGerald clearly believes that there will be a controversy. He expects that Newtonian astronomers will take the trouble to write answers to the *Bible-Earth*, and will even send those answers for insertion in the *Bible-Earth* itself. And so many and various are the weaknesses of human nature that it is quite possible that some one knowing enough of astronomy to confute Mr. FitzGerald and the whole *Bible-Earth* League of Christians, how many soever they be, may be unwise enough to enter into the lists with the league on its own earth. They will be allowed to disprove, "if they can," the arguments of the *Bible-Earth* itself. The condescending qualification was hardly needed. We may be quite certain that no astronomer will be able to confute the arguments of the *Bible-Earth* in its own columns—that is to say, no one will ever be held by the *Bible-Earth* League of Christians to have confuted them. People of this kind never are confuted; for, if they were capable of being confuted, that is, capable of understanding the force of an argument, they would not be people of this kind. The astronomer who should dispute with Mr. FitzGerald may very likely be treated quite civilly, without any vituperation or abuse; but he will be treated with the lofty condescension which a man who understands anything commonly meets with from those who do not understand it, but fancy that they do. To try to prove the truth of "the conclusions of Newtonian astronomy" in a journal whose "object and aim will be to disprove" them would be like trying to make the Pope doubt of his own infallibility, or to make Mr. Fergusson think differently about the date of Stonehenge.

There is certainly a sense in which, as Mr. FitzGerald says, all sincere belief is entitled to mutual respect, and Mr. FitzGerald clearly has a very sincere belief, not only that the earth is flat, but that the belief that it is otherwise is dangerous to immortal souls. He stands forth like an old prophet (he compares himself to Elijah on Mount Carmel), and asks, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and declares that the "first great effort on the Lord's side" must be to prove that this earth is not a globe. All this is clearly sincere, and therefore, in a sense, entitled to respect. And yet we can neither wonder at nor condemn the contempt and ridicule—we say

nothing of the vituperation and abuse—of which Mr. FitzGerald complains. Contempt and ridicule really are the only ways of treating attempts to call again in question things which have been settled for some ages by the common consent of all who are qualified to judge. It is no use arguing, because those who start such questions are beyond the reach of argument. It is very hard not to treat them with ridicule, because the extreme grotesqueness of their notions—a grotesqueness which their manifest sincerity only makes more grotesque still—makes it hard indeed not to laugh. But even if we abstain from active ridicule—that is, from laughing—we cannot abstain from contempt—at least, from that silent contempt which is sometimes the hardest of all to bear by the person contumelied.

We will therefore not argue against Mr. FitzGerald and his Bible-Earth League. It is really answer enough that many of the most devout and holy men that ever lived have not found a belief in the Newtonian astronomy in any way inconsistent with a belief in those Scriptures which, according to Mr. FitzGerald, the Newtonian theory upsets. We will leave him to the astronomers and divines, if either class should think it worth while to deal with him, either in the columns of his own *Bible-Earth* or elsewhere. We are concerned with him only as a first-rate example of the state of mind of which we spoke casually last week. As Mr. FitzGerald's craze is astronomical, he will most likely make few converts, and will be forgotten after at most a passing laugh from scientific men. But if his craze had been historical or philological, he might have put forth notions quite as absurd as the notion that the earth is flat, and many people would not have been in the least able to see that they were absurd. If any scholar had tried to confute him, we should have heard of "controversies" and "differences of opinion." On one point however historical study may feel some slight sympathy for Mr. FitzGerald. He complains "that in the revised Lectionary of the Church of England the miracle recorded in Joshua of the sun standing upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon was to be excluded in homage to modern science." There is another side to the exclusion, which perhaps neither Mr. FitzGerald nor those who excluded it ever thought of. The same lesson which contained the standing still of the sun and moon contained also the narrative of the taking of city after city, of the five kings taking shelter in a cave, of the triumphant Hebrews setting their feet on their necks. The whole thing read so like the account of a campaign of Ælle or Ceawlin that the hearer was sometimes tempted to remember that he was an Englishman, and to think that Gloucester and Cirencester would sound quite as natural as Makkedah and Libnah. It is just possible that the exclusion may be meant to cut off all chance of wandering thoughts, especially in so ungodly and bloodthirsty a direction. There was the precedent of Úlfila leaving out the Books of Kings, lest they should make the Goths yet fonder of fighting than they were before. So, while at first sight we might be disposed to join, on a different ground, in Mr. FitzGerald's mean on the First Sunday after Trinity, we are willing to acquiesce in the exclusion as perhaps being well ordered from another point of view.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT has been prophesied that the present Exhibition would prove to be of exceptional quality. This is at once true and untrue. It is true that there are at least half-a-dozen pictures which, either by their size or by their merit, will render this collection conspicuous in the annals of the Academy. Here and there long-known artists are found to have surpassed themselves; we also discover some comparatively obscure men starting at a bound from a state of promise to an assured success. But such cases are exceptional, almost of necessity; and the exhibitors being, for the most part, year by year the same, the law of averages must bring out pretty much the same results. Therefore it is not true that the present Exhibition is, as a whole, greatly better than its immediate predecessors; yet, at all events, an improvement is seen on last year. But each recurrent season shows a certain ebb and flow in the tide of art; some men rise, others fall, and art itself changes in its currents. For many years the arts have stuck fatally fast on the dry, hard rock of realism; but we shall have the pleasure hereafter of pointing to certain pictures which show that imagination can soar as well as sink, and that, in the words of Lord Bacon, the use of art "hath been and is to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it."

The number of pictorial works hung this year is 1,346. This is slightly below the average of five years. Last year the number was 110 under the total of this, and in 1870 it sank 300 below. The highest figure—namely, 1,433—was reached in 1874, but the effect was not generally satisfactory. The conclusion is that on the present occasion the happy mean has been struck. The hangers have been Messrs. Hart, Elmore, and Leighton; Mr. Woolner has arranged the sculpture. They have acquitted themselves of their onerous duties fairly well. But the hanging of pictures is often an affair of the carpenter, insasmuch as a picture cannot be placed where it will not fit. Moreover, personal interests must frequently prevail over pictorial considerations. And hence the hanging of the old masters can always be made more artistic than

that of the living. On the present occasion little more has been attempted than symmetry as to size, and contrast in light and shade. As for colour, it is often so bad as to look almost equally disagreeable wherever it may be hung.

In this introductory notice we will invite the reader to join us in a leisurely walk through the galleries in order to take a general view of the Exhibition, marking by the way its salient points. Let us begin with Gallery I.—which is not so striking as it is sometimes. The eye is naturally first attracted to the highest light. "An Intruder on the Bedouin's Pasture" (14), is in Mr. Goodall's latest style, wherein he is content to sacrifice form and firmness to sentiment and sunshine. Mr. Small, whose picture was much talked of before it reached the Academy, has been somewhat hardly used as a foil in favour of Mr. Goodall. "The Wreck" (13), is a dark, vigorous composition, vehement in dramatic action. Other excellent pictures in this room belong to a like school of naturalism and realism, such as "A Lancashire Gang" (46), by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and "Saturday Night" (62), by Mr. Barnard. The latter verges on vulgarity. Gallery II. presents in full view, at the centre of the furthest wall, perhaps the most vigorous and truthful landscape ever painted by Mr. Millais, and that is saying a great deal. "Over the Hills and Far Away" (106) is a foreground study of green rushes growing amid silver waters; beyond rises a russet heath, and further still the blue hills mount into the sky. The exhibition has some remarkably fine studies of nature; but we incline to think that this must be pronounced the landscape of the year. Mr. Hodgson's "Temple of Diana at Zaghouan" (84) is specially unfortunate in the treatment of the greens. Mrs. Ward, in her happiest mood, has hit upon a capital theme, the visit of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to Newgate (120); and Mr. Crowe, one of the new Associates, after his wont, strikes out a speciality for himself in "Darning Day, Red Maids' School, Bristol" (146).

We next enter the Great Gallery, "the Banqueting Hall," wherein at the annual dinner the President devotes his well-known eloquence to the brick and mortar of Burlington House—in short, to every topic save art, of which it might be supposed he knew something. Things are sadly changed since the time of Sir Charles Eastlake—a President who, in a few apt words, linked the present with the past, and carried the mind back to the great masters in the history of art, whose works form the standards by which each succeeding Academy Exhibition must be tested. Sir Francis Grant does not quite belong to this learned school, as the pictures which he contributes will tell; witness "Winter" (185). No work will be more talked about, chiefly no doubt from the personal interests involved, than Mr. Cope's skilful composition, "Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition" (160). The Council are in conclave, and before them are brought in succession paintings for acceptance or rejection. The artist has caught to the life, not only the faces, but the attitudes and movements, of his fellow-Academicians; specially felicitous are Messrs. Millais, Leighton, Armitage, and Calderon. The technique is better than we might have expected from Mr. Cope; and one is thankful that he has for once forsaken Shakespeare. The picture just described, which on the presentation of Mr. G. Moore becomes the property of the Academy, occupies a centre; the two other centres are equally fortunate. "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" (189), by Mr. Herbert, is a replica to the renowned composition in the Houses of Parliament. The fresco having been long in process of destruction, it is well that the artist should with his own hand reproduce the composition in oil. It remains merely to name—for we have not now space to criticize—the great achievement of the year, "The Daphnephoria" (241), by Mr. Leighton. This triumphant procession in honour of Apollo passes beneath the shadow of a grand pine grove, and in the valley below is seen the town of Thebes. The canvas is within a few inches of the same size as that of the "Cimabue Procession." It would be interesting could these two processions be seen side by side; the change in style, as might be expected, is considerable. Other works which should claim attention are Mr. Millais's portrait of "Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger" (248), Mr. Goodall's "Holy Mother" (182), and Mr. Poole's "Meeting of Oberon and Titania" (175). The oppression of portraits is this year slightly mitigated. "The Right Hon. Lord Lytton" (240), by Mr. Millais, will naturally attract attention. On the whole we have never seen the Great Gallery look better.

After the climax reached in the *salle d'honneur* there is sometimes a sense of anticlimax or decadence as the visitor enters Gallery IV. But the hangers, now as heretofore, have been at pains to hold an even balance all round the Exhibition; the interest never flags. We presume the portrait of "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales" (285), by Herr von Angeli, is hung by command; if so, we pity the Council. From the time of Kneller downwards it has always been cause for regret when our Royal Family have fallen under the pencil of foreigners. On a first visit this room may be passed through hastily; yet it is impossible not to notice so many an effort as Mr. Hodgson's "Following the Plough" (301); also Mr. P. R. Morris has not injured his good fame by the onslaught of wind and sea at the expense of "The Sailor's Wedding" (280). Gallery V. becomes a little more enlivening. Mr. Millais, who turns up everywhere, occupies a centre with "Getting Better" (387); the opposite centre being held to advantage by Mr. Pettie, in "The Step" of a little girl essaying a dance (433). This artist is always a colourist, though the colour is after his own kind; when once marked it can never be mistaken. The Academy has lost in the death of Earl Stanhope its "Antiquary"; the portrait by Mr. Ouseless vividly recalls the presence of a familiar face. "The Relief

of Leyden" (381), by Mr. A. Gow, deservedly gains a place on the line. By chance or intent, landscapes have gravitated into this room. Take the following, some not to be surpassed even in this age of landscape-painting:—"A Certain Trout Stream" (365), by Mr. Brett; "He Never Came," landscape with figure (388), by Mr. Fahey; "The Gipsies' Pot" (426), by Mr. W. Linnell; "The Life Boat" (455), by Mr. Henry Moore; "Gareloch, on the Clyde" (434), by Mr. J. Macbeth; and "Red Autumn" (440), by Mr. C. N. Hemy. The hanging in this room is rather scattered; at any rate these landscapes are not made the most of.

Nothing very particular occurs in Gallery VI., except that Mr. Fildes, who has hitherto rejoiced in the sunniest of romance, here surrenders himself to the darkest of despair, and it yet remains to be seen in which direction his passion lies. But in the meanwhile much respect is due to his wail—"The Widower" (476). The motive and the manner belong to Mr. Thomas Faed, and yet the pathos is differently intoned, and certain small touches of colour, not in keeping with sombre melancholy, would seem to indicate that the painter is playing a part, and trying an experiment on the public. When may we hope for a surcease of such affected titles as the "Orphans" (515), by Mr. T. S. Cooper? From the Catalogue we look to the picture, and find that the "Orphans" are sheep and that the snow is chalk. We would direct attention to the portrait of Mr. Thomas Carlyle (529), by Mr. Herdman. Gallery VII. has apparently a wall propitious to the display of religious art—such at least as may now exist. Thereon in former years was distended the grand and gigantic composition "Cain and Abel," by Mr. Watts. Now the centre is appropriately occupied by "The Hymn of the Last Supper" (579), by Mr. Armitage, on either side of which range "Judith in the Tent of Holofernes" (578), and "St. Mary Magdalene with the Precious Ointment" (584), severally by Mr. Herbert. These conceptions, though open to criticism, are to be received with respect; but what shall be said of Mr. Thorburn's "Christian Descending the Hill Difficulty"? There evidently is a difficulty, and one scarcely to be got over; the painter has made poor Christian so wooden, has rooted him so immovably, that not a step further can he go. What would a French artist think of our Academy were he to see this picture here on the line? "A Surrey Pastoral" (562), by Mr. Boughton, commends itself by its consonance with nature in her gentler moods.

The Lecture-room has been fittingly made the abode of Academic art. "Phryne" (909), by Mr. Armitage, is the boldest and the best treatment of the nude; the figure is not unworthy of Ingres, as known, for example, in "La Source." A still more arduous effort in the Academic way is "Atalanta's Race" (943), by Mr. Poynter, the newly appointed director of the schools at South Kensington. He proves his qualifications with a vengeance. The work is something more than eclectic; it is no disparagement to say that a figure here and there is borrowed from the Greeks or from Michael Angelo. Mr. Long's "Bethesda" (891) is not quite an unworthy sequel to the Slave Market which gained him his election.

Galleries VIII. and IX. are again devoted to water-colour drawings, architectural designs, engravings, &c. The last room—No. X.—often obtains less attention than it deserves, possibly because the visitor when he reaches it is worn out. On the present occasion it is the chosen abode of the few foreign pictures—ever on the decrease—which find their way to the Academy. Here, for example, is "The Charge of the English Heavy Cavalry at the Battle of Balaclava" (1332), by M. Philippoteaux, whose former battle-piece obtained position and praise in the Academy. Also may be enumerated "Cleopatra" (1282), by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and "A Girl Spinning," with a cow of course added (1297), by Herr O. Weber, and "Sheep Grazing" (1281), by Mme. Peyrol Bonheur, which has exquisite qualities. Of much refinement and delicacy is an interior with figure, "After the Sitting" (1261), by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann.

The changes in the constituent members of the Academy within the last few months have been unusually great, though the effects are as yet scarcely felt in the annual arena. Six new Associates have been brought into the field—Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Long, Storey, Crowe, Oakes, and Pearson—fit and proper men no doubt, but not each and all quite the men who had the right to override all comers. The number of disappointed candidates is of course vastly in excess of the six fortunate elect. We very much doubt the so-called liberal policy of increasing the number of Associates, unless a surrender be made of the monopoly of "the line." The condition of outsiders, who have each year to pass, as it were, through a competitive examination before they can obtain even toleration, is made worse than it was before. The battle for "the line" has become almost the battle for life; and to artists who may be cast out into the cold, a favourite aphorism of the late Earl of Carlisle, that the kingdom of heaven is specially for those who have failed on earth, comes but as a tardy consolation.

THE THEATRES.

THE mysteries, real or supposed, of modern life furnish an unfailing supply of novels by Mr. Wilkie Collins, some of which are capable of adaptation to the stage. Two brothers have quarrelled about a woman, and one of them has killed the other. The children of these three persons are the principal characters in the play called *Miss Gwilt*, and one of them gives her name to it. Mr. Collins appears to hold, for literary purposes, an improved form of the doctrine of original sin. There is usually a son or

daughter, or both, in his novels on whom a parent's guilt is visited, and hints are dropped after the manner of a Greek chorus at some ancestral wickedness unexpiated. Confining our view at present to the play, it is difficult to explain to oneself, or anybody else, what it is all about. The ingenious Dr. Downward wished to bring about a marriage between Miss Gwilt and Allan Armadale; and, as he knows the secret of her previous marriage with Captain Manuel, he might be in a position to levy a tax upon her rich husband's estate. In order to understand how Miss Gwilt came to entangle herself with such a mean scoundrel as Manuel, we must assume, in opposition to Lord Palmerston's opinion, that girls are born bad. She has had thoughts, before the play begins, of suicide; but she consents to live and be a governess for the advancement of Dr. Downward's scheme. An unforeseen difficulty arises from the circumstance that Allan Armadale falls in love with the pupil instead of the governess, while Miss Gwilt declares her purpose of marrying Midwinter, who is Allan Armadale's first cousin, and entitled to bear the same name. Dr. Downward, always equal to the occasion, forms his plan to get Armadale the heir murdered, so that Armadale the cousin may claim the estate, and Miss Gwilt, as his wife, may help Dr. Downward to get a share in it. We cannot help thinking that a man of his knowledge and talent, to say nothing of the valuable quality of unscrupulousness, might have been more profitably engaged than in contriving a murder for such uncertain gain. The letter which he writes to Manuel would be a useful weapon in that worthy person's hands, and as he delivers the letter to Manuel immediately after writing it, he might as well not have written at all, except that Mr. Wilkie Collins always likes to conduct his stories by correspondence. The murder is attempted by the method which has lately become fashionable of scuttling a ship; but as Manuel perishes and his intended victims escape, it requires almost superhuman ingenuity to prevent the story ending happily, and we are bound to say that the author is equal to the occasion. The only ground of quarrel between Midwinter and his wife arose out of the existence of Manuel, and he is dead. Armadale the heir has come back ready to marry Miss Milroy. The creditors of Dr. Downward must be great fools if they do not allow him time to display his remarkable capacity for the management of a Sanatorium; and indeed it would be a reproach to our age if such a man were driven to vulgar murder instead of devoting himself to interesting physiological experiments. However, while it is still believed that the two young men have perished at sea, Dr. Downward has persuaded the widow of Midwinter, who is really Allan Armadale the cousin, to claim the right which would belong to her as the widow of Allan Armadale the heir. When both the young men turn up, the letter written by Dr. Downward in her name would be an awkward fact against the two conspirators, but even a "prentice hand" in authorship could get its characters out of such a scrape as that. Mr. Wilkie Collins, however, does not want to get them out of it. On the contrary, he makes the lady called originally Miss Gwilt determine, for no visible reason, to murder Armadale the heir, and he conducts the characters to Dr. Downward's Sanatorium, somewhere in the suburbs of London, which is replete with every convenience for scientific murder, including nocturnal supervision of the premises by a policeman.

The charm of Mr. Wilkie Collins's fictions is the subtle suggestions which they convey of the general insecurity of modern life, particularly that part of it which is transacted in suburban villas. It is so nice to feel as we drive home from the theatre that we or our neighbours may be visited in the night by mysterious assassins, and that in the great gloomy house with the high-walled garden, inscrutable wickedness awaits victims who, regardless of their doom, pay back fare to cabs for bringing them to a Sanatorium. If this story is founded either on fact or plausible suspicion, all such establishments ought to be brought under the inspection which Mr. Newdegate would apply to convents. The heroine, persisting in her purpose to murder Armadale the heir, nearly murders Armadale the cousin, who is her husband, and then kills herself. The means of doing this are supplied by Dr. Downward, and consist of an apparatus by which the air of a bedroom may be poisoned. Unfortunately, in order that the dying agonies of Miss Gwilt may be distinctly visible, a large piece has been taken out of the bedroom wall, and so we have "to make believe very much" in order to enjoy the poisoning. And when people rush in and struggle to open the locked door, it is difficult to avoid calling to them to go through the gap. The dramatist might, if he pleased, have followed a great example, by making his wall even more permeable than it is, and he could have made the wall itself explain the nature of the cure-or-kill contrivance which is described in dialogue between Dr. Downward and Miss Gwilt. The lady's dying agonies are suitably represented by Miss Ada Cavendish, and people who like this kind of thing should go and see her. We do not. The play shows no adequate reason why she should kill herself or anybody else, and we could wish this clever actress better employment than perpetrating unnecessary murders in a red wig. The character of Dr. Downward is excellently performed by Mr. Arthur Cecil, and he, if any one can, will save the play. Several scenes are highly interesting, and it is only the protraction of the story that makes us feel that the Doctor's villainy is gratuitous. Having got all these people on the stage, it is perhaps as easy to kill a few of them as to do anything else, and the play must be ended somehow. We doubt whether any practical improvement in the art of poisoning is shown in the last act. There must be somewhere

a bottle, or the fragments of it, which contained the liquid poured into the machine; and this machine, with its pan for generating gas and pipe for conveying it, although it might be useful, could easily be mischievous. A murder thus committed could scarcely be called a "mystery" even in penny-a-liner's language, and, on the whole, we regard this new invention in homicide as clumsy and disappointing.

The sorrows of wretched wives, however interesting to the sufferers, are apt to pall upon public taste. If, in addition to *Queen Mary* at the Lyceum, an audience can be found for *Medea* at the Haymarket, we can only say that London is very far from abandoning itself to frivolous amusements. Mme. Janauschek, a German actress with remarkable command of English, has chosen ill the time or character of her first appearance. This, as everybody remembers, is one of Miss Bateman's parts, and neither Miss Bateman nor anybody else can make it other than a burden. The parts of Jason and Creon are inconsiderable, and Creusa serves chiefly by her immobility to illustrate the gestures and play of feature of Medea. The new actress has, however, produced a strong impression of her power, and for this purpose her first part was well adapted. Of several foreigners who have of late years undertaken to perform in English, her speech is perhaps the least unpleasant, and it is distinct. Her acting is rather over-laboured, and as the play lasts three hours, and she is almost always on the stage, and nothing of the slightest importance happens in her absence, she produces the impression that one is watching a patent machine for the production of strong theatrical effects, which may go on working, without fatigue or remorse, till midnight. These one-part plays are almost always failures, as, in the interest of art, they deserve to be. They save trouble, however, to managers, especially in small or remote places; and Mme. Janauschek may probably obtain provincial engagements to play *Medea*, which may be played wherever a couple of children and a little red fire can be forthcoming. The accessories and the company are of the smallest possible importance. It were to be wished, however, that this lady's talent could be employed in London in some other plays less familiar and more interesting than this.

In *Wrinkles*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. Byron has met failure more surprising than the great success he has obtained elsewhere. The characters of Miss Piper and Bob Blewitt are as good as anything he has lately written, and they are capitalised by Miss Wilton and Mr. Bancroft. The rest of the play is little better than padding, but the same or worse might be said of other plays to which careful acting has given temporary vitality. But the genteel public do not care for this play, and the difficulty of management of such a theatre lies in finding something for which they will care. There have been revivals of Robertson to the limit of possibility, and the company, however well drilled, does not excel in comedies of the last century. Murder and suicide are also rather out of its line, and modern French comedies cannot, as a rule, be satisfactorily translated. The class of persons who see two tragedies within a week is too limited to supply nightly a contented audience for Mr. Byron's comedy; yet, if there be any epicures in theatrical entertainment, we would advise them to see *Queen Mary* or *Medea* one night and *Wrinkles* the next. Any person who tries this bill of fare might then be invited to say honestly which dish he or she would like to have served again. Mr. Bancroft's acting of Bob Blewitt does full justice to one of Mr. Byron's happiest sketches of contemporary life. The reasons against taking the offered appointment in Jamaica are in the author's best style. Bob's friends, thinking probably that geography is not his strong point, explain that Jamaica is an island from which the rum comes. "Not all the rum?" says Bob, having, as an intending colonist, an obvious interest in the question. Whatever comes of the play, the principal actors will gain credit by the performance.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

WHAT some people will regard as improvements, and others as innovations, have been plentifully effected at Newmarket since the close of the last racing season. The stand at the end of the Rowley Mile will, when finished, be one of the most commodious in the kingdom, especially when it is remembered that only on two or three days in the year is there anything approaching to a crowd at Newmarket. The price for admission to it and the adjoining enclosure will be very high—no less than ten guineas for a yearly ticket; and when we take into account the numerous other charges, of which the daily toll for driving on the Heath may be taken as an example, and the wonderful sums demanded by hotel and lodging-house keepers for the accommodation of their visitors, it is pretty clear that racing-men must make up their minds to consider a visit to Newmarket as a very expensive luxury. In so far as the increased charge for admission to the enclosure will make the company assembled there more select, and exclude some of the adventurers of the Turf who prey upon the unwary, the sudden rise from two guineas to ten guineas a year may have a beneficial effect; but we must bear in mind that only a minority of the races finish at the end of the Rowley Mile, that one entire meeting is carried on at the other side of the Ditch, and that for all the races that end at the top of the town the new stand will be of no use whatever. Furthermore, a great deal of the betting at Newmarket is carried on, not in the enclosure at all, but in the cords and from the tops of cabs and carts

scattered about the Heath; and the ten-guinea fee will not affect in any way the outside betting-men, but, we fancy, will rather tend to increase their numbers. It is quite right that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should keep the Tattersall's enclosure for the use of those only who have a legitimate right to avail themselves of its accommodation; but it would be well if, in addition, they could afford some protection to the general body of visitors to Newmarket. They have ample authority for the purpose. A few years ago they put down *pari-mutuel* betting in the most summary manner; and they could, if they chose, do a great deal to rid the Heath of the scoundrels who infest it in race weeks. If one is to be unblushingly robbed just outside the enclosure, it will be a poor consolation to know that inside it the select possessors of ten-guinea tickets can walk about and make their wagers in serene security.

But while stands and refreshment-rooms are being built at Newmarket on a grand scale, and prices are being raised, the question naturally suggests itself whether a corresponding improvement in the quality of the sport is to be expected. The experience of the last week is hardly calculated to inspire us with any sanguine hopes that the reign of plating and selling races is to be succeeded by an era of more important contests, in accordance with the great preparations that are being made to enable people to witness them. It was indeed a banquet of empty dishes last week. Long programmes were prepared; but though the Stewards racked their brains to invent races, owners and trainers declined to have anything to do with them, and on the last day only four events, one of which was practically a walk over, were decided. The old-established races of the meeting, the Biennial, the Column, and the Claret Stakes, produced wretchedly small fields, and the Newmarket Handicap with 400, and the International Handicap with 300, sovereigns added, and 100 for the second horse, could only attract ten and nine starters respectively. The minor races were just as ill patronized, and, in fact, had it not been for the opportunity of seeing the two Derby cracks, Petrarch and Skylark, and the threatened candidate for the Two Thousand, Great Tom, as well as for one or two exciting incidents, such as the overthrow of Lowlander by Hesper, the Craven week might well have been avoided even by the most steadfast admirers of Newmarket.

The very first race of the meeting produced an interesting contest between Wild Tommy, a great slashing son of King Tom and Wild Agnes, and Great Tom, who, it was reported, had beaten his stable companion Skylark in a trial, and on the strength of that performance had been elevated to the front rank in the Two Thousand favourites. The much-improved Coltness also took part in the race, and having a 4-lb. allowance was expected to show a return to his Ascot form of 1875, especially as neither Great Tom nor Wild Tommy was fully up to the mark. Mr. Houldsworth's usual ill luck stuck to him, and Coltness was beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish. A fine struggle for victory between Great Tom and Wild Tommy then ensued, and resulted in the defeat of the former in the last stride by a head. All sorts of excuses were of course made for the loser; but, in our judgment, either Wild Tommy is entitled to be considered a promising Derby candidate, or else the merits of Great Tom and Skylark have been much overestimated. Later in the day Skylark himself came out, and won the Biennial in fine style. He had little or nothing to beat, however, the speedy but roaring Rosinante being the only one of his four antagonists likely to make him gallop. The Rowley Mile is quite a different thing from the five-furlongs course at Southampton, and Rosinante soon found out the difference. Though on sufferance the son of Rosicrucian led as far as the Abingdon bottom, directly he touched the ascent he began to stop, and Skylark galloped past him at his leisure. But for his curby hocks, it might not be necessary to look for the Derby winner much beyond Skylark, who has won every engagement for which he has started; and the fact of his being now first favourite for the great Epsom race shows that his infirmity is not considered likely to be a bar to his success. Coeruleus and Chaplet, son and daughter of Beadsman, finished first and second for the Bretby plate, and the subsequent victory of Chaplet in the Free Handicap over Carnelian, Picnic, and The Gunner, proves Coeruleus to be a really good horse. On the second day of the meeting there was a more than ordinarily exciting race for a wretched little plate of fifty pounds over the T.Y.C. Hesper, a three-year-old son of Speculum, and Lowlander were the only combatants, and the latter carried 10 lbs. extra to exempt him from sale. Extravagant odds were laid on the son of Dalesman, who, however, never fairly got out of the way of his opponent, and, despite the vigorous efforts of Custance, who, if any man can, is able to get the last ounce out of a horse, was defeated by a neck. On the conqueror of Lowlander being put up to auction it was evident that there would be some brisk competition for him, and the bids speedily rose from 1,000 guineas, the price at which he was entered to be sold, to 2,500. According to the rules, half the excess over the selling price goes to the owner of the second horse, so that, instead of winning fifty pounds by Lowlander's success, Mr. Bird had the gratification of receiving just fifteen times that amount in consequence of his defeat. It is probable that Hesper may be a dear purchase to his new owner, and that Lowlander, who rarely blossoms before Ascot, was not in anything like form last week. But when a great public favourite is overthrown there is a rush to get hold of his conqueror at any cost, no matter what the real merits of the victory may be. For the Column Stakes two of Lord Falmouth's representatives, Farnese and Dandelion, were opposed by Arena. The last named

was manifestly lame, and, Dandelion seeming to be in scarcely better plight, the race looked like a walk over for Farnese. Arena was beaten at the Bushes, and Farnese, whose roaring infirmity increases, as was to be expected, with age, died away the moment he began the ascent of the hill, thus leaving his stable companion, Dandelion, to win at his leisure. This was the first appearance of the winner in public. He had the misfortune to break his leg when yearling—a contemporary somewhat curiously spoke of him as having had "at one time a broken bone in his leg"—and we should think there are few instances of a horse that has met with such an accident recovering sufficiently to stand training.

The racing of the last two days of the Craven Meeting calls for little remark. Two prominent performers in last year's Middle Park Plate, La Seine and Heurtebise, contested the Free Handicap on the Ditch Mile, and the former won cleverly. A similar race on the Rowley Mile was noticeable on account of the American aged horse Preakness making his first appearance at Newmarket in it. Preakness is nine years old, but perfectly sound in wind and limb; and his fine shape and appearance, strength and quality being equally conspicuous, were the theme of unqualified admiration. As might have been expected when his age is taken into account, Preakness was not very quick on his legs when the flag fell, and the light-weighted English horses, trained to jump off like greyhounds from the slips, got the best of him in the first quarter of a mile. He was just getting into his stride, in fact, when the race was over, and we must wait to see him perform over a long course before we shall be able to form any just estimate of his racing powers. The Claret Stakes ended in a match between Balfie and Tartine; and though the severe course from the Ditch in is not altogether to the liking of the son of Plaudit, he managed to compass it successfully on this occasion. Balfie has thickened very much since last season, and looked as ever a perfect gentleman, while Tartine was by no means in racing trim. Nine ran for the International Free Handicap across the flat, including Grey Palmer, Merry Duchess, Lord Berners, and Advance. The last named had been much talked of as a promising Derby outsider, and was made first favourite for this race; but he never showed prominently in it, and a good finish between Grey Palmer and Bridget resulted in favour of the former. We ought to have mentioned a match over the Ditch Mile between Oxonian and Brigg Boy at even weights, which the latter won after a punishing struggle by a neck. The performance was thought good enough to justify the elevation of Brigg Boy to the position of first favourite for the City and Suburban; but it should have been remembered that Oxonian is very far from being the Oxonian of two years ago, and that, having been trained of late for hurdle-racing, it was not likely that in any case he would have retained his fine speed on the flat. Nor was the severe struggle which Brigg Boy had to make in order to win the best preparation for his encounter a few days later on Epsom Downs.

The field for the City and Suburban was quite up to the average, both in numbers and in quality; and, for once in a way, a big handicap was carried off by a really good horse, carrying almost a hunting weight. The majority of the twenty-three horses were of a good handicap stamp, and the weights ranged from 9 st. 4 lbs., carried by Thunder, to 5 st. 7 lbs., carried by Little Harry. The latter was a stable companion of Grey Palmer, who won the International Free Handicap last week at Newmarket; and the knowledge of the comparative merits of the pair caused Little Harry to be freely supported for the City and Suburban. Certainly, when he was seen in the paddock, he looked by no means the sort of horse to be complimented with the lowest weight in a handicap. Among the other competitors we may mention Brigg Boy, Maud Victoria, Empress, better known as Sister to Musket, Lady Mostyn, and Whitebait, all of whom looked remarkably well, while in point of size the gigantic Ambergris towered above all his rivals. The Americans were also represented by Mate, an aged horse, powerful, like all of Mr. Sandford's team, but apparently deficient in speed, or not at home in short-distance races. We ought to add that Hesper, of whose victory over Lowlander we have already spoken, was also among the runners; but the growing conviction that Lowlander was out of form last week at Newmarket prevented the son of Speculum from being as freely supported at Epsom as otherwise would have been the case. The start was fortunately not long delayed, and with equal good fortune there were none of those casualties at Tattenham Corner which so often mar the fortunes both of the Derby and the City and Suburban. Brigg Boy early overpowered his jockey, an incident which was by no means unexpected, and galloped himself to a standstill, so that, after holding a commanding lead for the greater part of the way, he died away to nothing at the finish. Little Harry came round the turn rather wide, and undoubtedly lost a length or two; but though otherwise he would have made a better fight with the winner, yet the result would not have been altered, for directly Archer gave Thunder his head, the old horse, who had been going quietly along, rushed to the front and had all his field beaten in an instant, and the three lengths by which he won might have been increased to double that distance if his jockey had wished. To win the City and Suburban with 9 st. 4 lbs. is an unprecedented feat, and a first-class horse like Cremorne failed in the attempt. But to win it, in the face of a really good field, under such a weight, with the most consummate ease, stamps Thunder at once as one of the greatest horses of the day. It is easy to see now that in the match that was to have come off last week at Newmarket Lowlander would not have stood

a chance with Thunder. The son of Dalesman attempted to give Hesper 30 lbs. and was beaten a neck; but last Tuesday Thunder gave Hesper 40 lbs. and a stone beating into the bargain. According to this running, Lowlander would have been nowhere in the City and Suburban, and, instead of giving weight to Thunder, ought to receive it. Mr. Bird was quite right, therefore, in paying forfeit for his thousand-guinea match, which must have been made up in a very sanguine moment. We need only add that Little Harry justified the opinions entertained of him by disposing cleverly of all his opponents except Thunder, despite the disadvantageous position he occupied at Tattenham Corner, while Merry Duchess and Hesper ran a good race for third honours. We have no great fondness for handicaps, which too often seem specially invented for the benefit of the most worthless horses in training; but we should soon become reconciled to them if a few horses like Thunder could carry their heavy burdens to victory, and dispose with ease of their feather-weighted opponents.

REVIEWS.

GRANT-DUFF'S NOTES OF AN INDIAN JOURNEY.*

WHEN the fall of the Gladstone Ministry released Mr. Grant-Duff from the cares and labours of office, he wisely set himself to make the best use he could of the knowledge he had acquired and see for himself the country which for five years he had helped to govern. The volume before us contains the notes he made while on his travels. In one way they will disappoint the reader. Mr. Grant-Duff has so unusual a capacity for acquiring knowledge, he is so thoroughly interested in everything he takes up, he knew India so well even before he landed there with such knowledge as books and family traditions and long familiarity with all men of Indian eminence and official experience could give him, and his political position offered him so many exceptional advantages as a traveller, that it seemed certain he would have as very much more to say than most travellers on the greater matters of Indian politics. This would naturally be the view of the reader, but it was not in the least the view of the writer of these Notes. He determined to set down, not what he heard or what he thought, but what he saw. The book is therefore as far removed from what we should expect an Indian Under-Secretary to write as possible. It was Mr. Grant-Duff's aim to divest himself, as it were, of himself. He put himself in the position of an imaginary ordinary traveller. What, he seems to have asked himself, would A. B. or C. D. really see if he came to India? Supposing him to be a person with no views or theories, utterly averse to word-painting and padding, and only desirous to put down in plain language what came indisputably into his own personal experience, what would be the material he would have for notes? A. B., as Mr. Grant-Duff has reasoned with himself, would see many thousands of dusky human beings, and would soon come to the conclusion that they were for the most part far from nice-looking. He would also see many handsome or interesting buildings, and would be able to compare what he saw with the descriptions given by Mr. Fergusson. Lastly, he would see a vast variety of novel trees and plants. That which this practical person with his eyes open would see is what Mr. Grant-Duff set himself to describe. There is something in his book about the appearance of the people, much about buildings, and very much about botany. Whole pages are filled with strings of botanical names, and short accounts of what the trees and plants with these names are like. And to the plan which he had sketched out for himself from the beginning Mr. Grant-Duff rigidly adhered. We often find him jotting down that he has had most interesting conversations with this or that well-informed person, and that he has been much instructed and much pleased with what he heard; but his readers are not allowed to share in these treats. They are kept to their proper work, which is not to go into views and talks, but to understand that the author observed "the well-named *Oreodoxa regia*, the *Wallichia oblongifolia*, the creeping Calami finding their way up the tall Casuarinas," and so forth. *Si queris librum circumspice* was the motto which Mr. Grant-Duff had imposed upon himself, and which he imposes on the imaginary traveller who is to profit by his example.

Such a book is not entertaining, and is not meant to be entertaining. It has a different aim, and works towards its end by a different method, from that offered in books which profess to please. The style of the day is the style of the Special Correspondent, and a Special Correspondent is a man who, at all hazards, is bound to be entertaining. He goes out at a moment's notice, lands, sees, telegraphs, or reports. With his wonderful nimbleness of mind he can make something out of everything. He is equally ready to count the buttons on the Prince's shooting-coat and to discuss the relations of Buddhism to Christianity. His business is to give views, and to make pictures out of words. To do this is not an easy thing; and the Special Correspondents of the best type do it very well. They know enough not to fall into glaring mistakes. They think enough to seem wiser than most of their readers who go in first-class carriages to business, and to be wiser than most of those who go in second-class carriages. They see

* *Notes of an Indian Journey.* By Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff, M.P. London : Macmillan & Co. 1876.

enough to fill their columns with what they have seen. They entertain; for, being engaged to entertain, they honestly and zealously fulfil their engagement. It is what some would call the defect, and others the merit, of Mr. Grant-Duff's style of composition that it is utterly unlike that of a Special Correspondent. What he does he wants to do really and thoroughly. He has the attraction of following the true unbought bent of his mind. To him knowledge is what a rise in his office is to a Government clerk, or a bath to a dusty tourist. Not to write about things, but to know them, is to him what Gray called "opening Paradise." He singles out a tree, and finds its Latin name, and ascertains its industrial uses, and feels the same elevation and excitement of mind with which men of another cast of thought rise from a successful rubber. To get hold of the facts of nature is better to him than food and raiment. Hence his book is irradiated with an enthusiasm the only weak point of which is that so few can share it. But, dull as all his Latin botanical names must be to the general reader, and overpowering as is the quantity of botany introduced, his enthusiasm carries him on a road that is really worth following. Of all the intercourse with nature attainable without mathematics and expensive instruments, that afforded by botany is the most vivifying and the most satisfying to the traveller. A man who travels to see and not to get praise had better be a botanist than any other one thing. Clouds obscure the skies, but, wet or fine, there are always plants. Even a little travelling makes a difference, and the distance of a few miles changes the habitat of flowers. Five odd minutes on a wayside may give the botanist a pleasure as intense as that which the geologist gets by weary walks over one ridge after another. Then plants have over animals the immense advantage that they need no killing. There is no upturning of dying eyes about them, no dissection, no entrails. There they are, clean, fresh, and sweet, and they perish without repining and without dirt and misery under the hand of the investigator. Botany is a science, or, to speak more accurately, a pleasing labour in the open air, which all can follow who have the sense to wish to follow something; and Mr. Grant-Duff has done well in hinting to his imaginary traveller that, if he wishes to see what is before his eyes when he is not in a town, he had better botanize. What is the good of telling A. B. that, if he wants to enjoy India, he should shoot tigers? A. B. may not be up to tigers. A. B. may not be a grandee who has jungles drawn for him. A. B. might be very unhappy if a real tiger came really at him; but A. B. can go to India, and in a safe, cheap way learn something of the beautiful, odd, prodigal nature of the Indian vegetable world. This will content A. B. if he is the wise, reticent, unpretending man that the confiding author of these Notes good-humouredly assumes him to be.

It would, however, be to convey an incorrect idea of these Notes if it were suggested that they are mere dry pieces of information. They are full of pleasant remarks and illustrations, borrowed from every kind of source. Mr. Grant-Duff has too free a command of miscellaneous literature not to be continually reminded of something for which his readers are much obliged to him, and he even quotes poetry with agreeable liberality for their benefit. Still these Notes are, in the main, jottings of external observation. They were originally published in the *Contemporary Review*, and when they grew towards an end, the editor of that periodical evidently got nervous about them. Were his readers to be exclusively limited to this very wholesome sort of porridge? Had he got hold of the Notes of Mr. Grant-Duff only to find that they were the theoretical production of A. B.? Where was the Under-Secretary of State? Where was the Indian politician? Accordingly he wrote to his contributor a letter, which is set forth in the volume, asking the eleven hardest questions about India that he could think of, and begging Mr. Grant-Duff to be good enough, just by way of supplement, to answer them. With the utmost alacrity, and with the most imperturbable good-humour, Mr. Grant-Duff complied with the request. The editor wanted to draw him, and he was drawn, making no more difficulty about it than the Zoological lions do about being fed at four o'clock. The consequence has been that to the Notes there is an appendix, altogether unlike the rest of the volume, in which external observation and the edification of A. B. are entirely thrown into the shade, and Mr. Grant-Duff states his opinions about India with the utmost frankness. This addition to the volume is most valuable. It is full of thought both true and new. There is no pedantry, no officialism, no optimism about it. What the writer thinks he says, and what he thinks has been clearly and carefully thought out. Is India a gain to England? Are we leavening India? Do we assume too arrogant a superiority over the natives? Is our system of taxation wise? Is Russia dangerous? Is Burmah dangerous? These are only a few of the questions which the editor asks and Mr. Grant-Duff answers. On each head Mr. Grant-Duff has a precise, intelligible answer to give, which is always clear, always suggestive, and often goes far below the surface of ordinary thought.

To enter into the subjects thus briefly but forcibly discussed would take us too far into vexed points of Indian politics. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Grant-Duff thinks that the occupation of Merv by the Russians would not do us any practical harm, but that their advance on Herat must be resisted; not because, even if they got possession of Herat, they would seriously threaten India, but because we have so often said that we would never suffer Herat to be occupied, that to eat our words would be fatal to our reputation. In finance Mr. Grant-Duff especially detests the Salt-tax, and evidently thinks that the Salt-tax ought to be reduced before the cotton duties are abolished. In a contest between English manu-

facturers and the Indian poor his kindness of heart inclines him to favour the latter, while, his party being out of office, he has not to trouble himself about pleasing English constituencies. He also insists strongly on the wisdom of avoiding too favourable estimates of Indian finance, and in connexion with this subject he records a private woe of his own. He on one occasion denounced in the House of Commons what he termed the blandishments of *couleur de rose* financiers. This was too high a flight for the vulgar. The phrase was caught at, but its application lost, and Mr. Grant-Duff found to his horror that he had only invented the term "*couleur de rose financier*" to have it applied to himself, and was supposed to have been describing his own views when he was attacking those of others. He found himself habitually described as an optimist or *couleur de rose financier*. Such are the thorns that vex the souls of public men. If any single specimen of Mr. Grant-Duff's mode of answering the questions put to him is to be selected as specially meritorious, it is, we think, that as to our influence in India. "Be good enough," wrote the editor in his decisive way, "to inform me how far we are leavening India." "We are leavening India," Mr. Grant-Duff promptly replied, "in ten ways." The codes are producing a considerable effect, and in a generation or two their morality will become the morality of India. The native magistrates are learning from us to avoid corruption. The zemindar is learning that property has its duties as well as its rights. Many educated natives are adopting philosophical views of religion. A more accurate conception of the power of England and of its place in the world is being formed. The English language is rapidly becoming the *lingua franca* of the peninsula. The natives are taking to railways, and use them largely even for pilgrimages. The natives are beginning to understand what good rulers can do for them. The very people who think they prefer native to English rule would be wild with horror if they were to be exposed to a year of unchecked native government. We are creating new industries, and extending through schools and universities the idea of scientific method. This is a long list of benefits conferred by Englishmen on India; and it would be difficult to sum up with more brevity and point than Mr. Grant-Duff has done what it is that India gets from England. All this is, as we have said, completely out of the range of A. B.; but at the end of his supplement Mr. Grant-Duff goes back to his favourite traveller, and closes his volume with an assurance that, although to gratify the curiosity of a friend he is quite willing to write for awhile as an Under-Secretary, yet it is A. B. who is next to his heart, and whose interests and capabilities engross his attention when he is free to write as he pleases.

LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.*

(Second Notice.)

AMONG other merits, Mr. Trevelyan's book serves the purpose of a warning against intellectual conceit. If a clever boy, or a man vain of his abilities, regards his own attainments with complacency, he may learn from the Life and Letters that Macaulay knew ten times as much; if he prides himself on memory, on rapidity of acquisition, on the arrangement and command of facts and of literary material, a candid study of the biography will convince him that his accomplishments and faculties are commonplace and second-rate. The epigrammatic and pell-mell style, the copious Parliamentary eloquence, and the brilliant conversation may provoke regretful envy, but seldom even imaginary competition. Even in verse, though he belonged to the second or third order of poets, Macaulay fully deserved the wide popularity which he attained. The best of his poems is the "Battle of Marston Moor," which appeared in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* when he was twenty-three or twenty-four. Campbell himself has not described a battle with greater spirit; and the dramatic fitness of the Puritan sergeant's Scriptural phrases enhances the lyrical effect of Rupert's charge and of Cromwell's victory. One of the chief merits of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* is the choice of a subject. Niebuhr's plausible conjecture that the legendary history of early Rome had first been composed in the form of ballads suggested to Macaulay the experiment of reproduction. The original poems, if they ever existed, were perhaps more curious, and probably much less picturesque. It is a proof of Macaulay's critical sagacity that, notwithstanding his literary obligations to Niebuhr, he escaped the belief in his infallibility which deluded the receptive intellects of Arnold and Hare, and the more powerful understanding of Thirlwall. His remarks on Niebuhr, in a letter to his friend Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, written from Calcutta in 1835, might have served as a text for the destructive criticism of Sir G. C. Lewis.—

Having always been a little sceptical about Niebuhr's merits, I am now a confirmed unbeliever. I do not of course mean that he has no merit. He was a man of immense learning, and of great ingenuity. But his mind was utterly wanting in the faculty by which a demonstrated truth is distinguished from a plausible supposition.

Macaulay's soundness of critical judgment was compatible with an omnivorous appetite for reading which in some directions extended far down in the scale of literary merit. While there were perhaps not half-a-dozen scholars in Europe who were so well acquainted with the greatest writers of Greece, of Rome, of Italy, and of England, Macaulay was an insatiable reader of novels, including some

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. Longmans, Green, & Co.

of the humblest pretensions. The first novelists in his affections were Richardson and Miss Austen; but to the end of his life he from time to time read Theodore Hook's clever stories, though he had good reason for disliking the author. He took delight in the voluminous works of a Mrs. Meek, whose obscure hero always turned out to be the son of a duke. On the last page of a novel by another forgotten favourite, Miss Kitty Cuthbertson, he took the trouble of writing out a list of twenty-seven fainting fits which had occurred to the different characters in the story. Macaulay had not the smallest turn for science; and his antipathy to mathematics placed him at Cambridge in the "Gulf" or immediately below the last Junior Optime. Mr. Trevelyan intimates a belief that he barely missed the chance of competing for the Chancellor's medals; but for that purpose he must have obtained a Senior Optime. In his later years he occasionally regretted his ignorance of mathematics; but he was better employed in more congenial studies. His interest in the distinction which he had failed to share was exhibited in a perfect knowledge of the list of senior wranglers from the first institution of the Mathematical Tripos. He sometimes amused himself by trying to trace their subsequent fortunes, that he might learn whether they had maintained in after life their early pre-eminence. One of many symptoms of Macaulay's simple and healthy nature was a lasting attachment to what he had known and liked in his youth. Contemporary literature could not exercise on his mind a complete and unqualified fascination. There are in his diary and letters several references to Dickens and Thackeray, and he expresses admiration for the first set of the *Idylls of the King*; but Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson were by half a generation younger than himself; and when they began to write his tastes were finally formed and already satisfied. Of the mischievous communism of some of Dickens's writings he speaks with serious and just disapproval. His imperfect sympathy with the literature of the day was consistent with the retrospective character of his political feelings. Except during his early Parliamentary career, he was never a zealous politician, but it was truly said that he was a strong partisan in the controversies of the days of William III. or of Anne.

Within the wide range of his own studies, Macaulay's taste was almost unerring. He expresses again and again the well-founded opinion that Thucydides was the first of historians, and he furnishes curious illustrations of the sincerity of his conviction. As soon as the first two volumes of his History were published, he read Herodotus through, and then, proceeding to Thucydides, he satisfied himself that he was himself inferior to the great master. The same process was repeated, with the same result, on the publication of the second instalment of the History. It is true that among the historians of all countries it would be difficult to find a more total dissimilarity than that which exists between the transparent fluency of Macaulay and the condensed significance of Thucydides. At an earlier period Macaulay gives a curious explanation of a change in his estimate of the merit of Tacitus. He had been disappointed on a second reading of the Annals, till he remembered that on the first occasion he had been recently reading Xenophon, and on the second occasion he had been recently reading Thucydides. The unconscious change of the standard of comparison explains the difference of judgment. He sometimes amused himself with classifying the poets and great writers of Greece or of all times; and his selections were almost uniformly just. "Plato," he says in a letter to his nephew at Harrow,

is one of the five first-rate Athenians. The other four are your friends, Æschylus and Thucydides, Sophocles and Demosthenes. I know of no sixth Athenian who can be added to the list. Certainly not Euripides, nor Xenophon, nor Isocrates, nor Æschesines. But I forgot Aristophanes. More shame for me. He makes six, and I can certainly add nobody else to the six.

Among poets he placed Dante next after Shakespeare and Homer, and before Æschylus, Sophocles, and Milton. He was inclined to rank Fra Paolo as an historian next to Thucydides. Mr. Trevelyan says that Lord Macaulay was familiar with some of the works of the great metaphysical philosophers, but that he had no sympathy with the subject-matter of their works. He was, in truth, devoid of the metaphysical faculty, which is almost as special a gift as an ear for music, which was also wanting to his organization. He professes to be unable to attach the smallest meaning to a translation of one of Kant's treatises, though the Criticism of the Pure Reason, at least, is not more than ordinarily obscure. It is true that abstruse German sometimes becomes hopelessly unintelligible in a bald English version. Macaulay studied deeply the theological controversies of the eighteenth century, and the Church history of the time of the Reformation. He once said, in answer to a question, that of course any well-informed man could repeat the names of the Archbishops of Canterbury backwards. Similar efforts of memory gave him the same kind of pleasure which an active boy takes in jumping a gate or a ditch. When he became a peer, he learnt the list of the House of Lords by heart, and then proceeded to recreate himself with the second titles. It is odd that he never thoroughly mastered the Popes, always sticking fast, as he said, somewhere among the Innocents. The example of Macaulay proves, if such a demonstration had been required, that memory is compatible with original genius; but in some cases his rapid accumulation of precedents and instances tended both to impair his own judgment and to diminish the effect of his argument. Mr. Trevelyan has printed in a note an extract from Macaulay's speech on Lord Mahon's Copyright Bill of 1842. In the previous year he had unfortunately taken a principal part in defeating Serjeant Tal-

found's Bill for extending copyright to a period of sixty years. Lord Mahon proposed that the term should extend to twenty-eight years after the death of the author. Macaulay induced the House of Commons to prefer a capricious project of his own by which copyright was limited to forty-two years. It is surprising that the House can have been misled by a flagrantly sophistical argument consisting in an enumeration of great works composed by celebrated writers in their later years. Unconsciously admitting the principle that the longest term was the most equitable, he informed an audience less familiar than himself with literary history that his plan would have allowed to the best works of Milton, of Dryden, of Johnson, and of several other authors whom he enumerated, a longer term than that proposed by Lord Mahon. There are those who can distinctly recollect the facility with which he poured forth an irrelevant catalogue of names and dates. The chief impression produced on some surviving hearers was that he could with equal ease have furnished a list of youthful productions in support of the opposite conclusion. He spoke without earnestness or the appearance of conviction, and he succeeded in perpetrating a grievous injustice. There are great writers now living, or lately deceased, whose earliest and best works must by this time be almost within the grasp of literary pirates; and they or their families may attribute their expropriation to a paradoxical whim of Macaulay's. The sufferers will derive little consolation from the reflection that his own representatives will in their turn be the victims of injustice.

Macaulay's more serious speeches are of a high order, and some of the earliest are perhaps the best. In matured life he was less eager than in his contests with Croker during the Reform Bill debates, or in his remonstrance against the political ingratitude of O'Connell. Notwithstanding his genial sweetness of temper, he was not deficient in the indispensable quality of pugnacity. Two of his contemporaries, Croker and Brougham, were objects to him through life of profound antipathy. Having in Macaulay's earliest youth given him the superfluous advice that he should talk on all occasions as much as possible, Brougham soon became jealous of a young rival who might possibly become a better speaker than himself, and who was an incomparably better writer. Of Croker's personal and literary character Macaulay took many opportunities of expressing his opinion; but his great and final triumph over his veteran adversary was accomplished when Croker was unwise enough to make a weak and violent attack on the History in its zenith of popularity. Macaulay's great work is open to much damaging criticism in detail, but it will always hold a high place in historical literature. As Mr. Trevelyan happily says:—"The union of intellectual qualities which formed the real secret of his strength was the combination in one and the same man of literary power, historical learning, and practical familiarity with the conduct of great affairs." Gibbon attributed his own comprehension of military history to his experience as a captain in the Hampshire Militia. Macaulay was the better able to expound the origin of government by Parliamentary majorities because he had taken an active part in the debates on the Reform Bill.

Macaulay described his own character as well as his personal appearance in his comments on Mr. Richmond's portrait of himself:—"It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure. It is not unlike Mr. Fox's in general expression. I am quite content to have such a physiognomy." His estimate of his mental powers will not be disputed, nor was he ever suspected of a want of boldness and frankness. The pleasure for which he had a keen relish can only be appreciated by those who resemble him in mental and moral constitution. As long as his health enabled him to enjoy society he took great pleasure in conversation, of which he was thought sometimes to engross more than his share, especially when he communicated his ample stores of knowledge to hearers who were content to be ignorant of some things. According to Mr. Trevelyan—There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne, or Fielding, or Horace Walpole, or Boswell. . . . There were certain bad writers whose vanity and folly had a flavour of peculiarity which was irresistibly attractive to Macaulay. In August 1859 he says to Lady Trevelyan, "The books which I had sent to the binder are come; and Miss Seward's letters are in a condition to bear twenty more experiments." But, amidst the infinite variety of lighter literature with which he beguiled his leisure, *Pride and Prejudice* and the five sister novels remained without a rival in his affections. He never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen.

The love of literature which was inseparable from his conception of pleasure was happily combined with the domestic affections which were the solace and delight of his life. Fortunately for him, his sisters, and afterwards the children of the family, either possessed by nature, or learned from him, a sufficient interest in books to enable them to share his literary and intellectual interests. To both generations

Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. When he and his sisters were young, games of hide and seek that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads which, like the Scolds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm.

An entry in his diary during his later years records with pleasure his performance during an afternoon's play with his little niece of the parts of Nathaniel Dando, then a notorious petty swindler, and of a dog-stealer who had come to claim the reward advertised for

the recovery of her dog Diamond. His extempore rhymes were always attributed to an author called the Judicious Poet, for whose works the children often searched in vain in the library. One of his letters to his sisters begins with two lines, which are taken almost without alteration from Swift :—

Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
You must write to silly chits.

Swift, in a letter to Esther Johnson, had written :—

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

It would be interesting to learn whether Macaulay's Judicious Poet was originally suggested by the similarly imaginary quotations of Swift. In successive Easter vacations he took the family to visit all the English cathedrals; and he felt it as a serious deprivation when his nieces and nephew grew too old to accompany him week after week in visits to the sights of London. It was not without surprise that his nephew first learned from the conversation of his school-fellows that the kindest and most amusing of uncles was a distinguished and celebrated man. Next to his home, he was through life attached to Cambridge; and he sometimes encouraged the fancy that he would like to live there as a Fellow of Trinity. He was not himself inclined to undervalue either his abilities or his writings, though he was wholly exempt from the morbid vanity and susceptibility which are sometimes attributed to famous authors. He criticized plagiarists of his style with remarkable acuteness. "I am," he said, "a very unsafe model. My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole, a good one; but it is very near to a very bad manner indeed, and those characteristics of my style which are most easily copied are most questionable." It would have been strange if he had not regarded with reasonable complacency works which had attained unparalleled success; but fame and prosperity only enhanced the enjoyment of a singularly happy life. One of the chief advantages of literary tastes and of studious habits is the habitual diversion of the mind from selfish and vulgar interests. The result is not less effectually produced by the abstruse researches which are congenial to another class of intellects. Sir G. C. Lewis, who cared nothing for poetry or fiction, and who knew no amusing book except the *Anti-Jacobin*, was not less simple and cheerful than Macaulay; but an appetite for miscellaneous literature serves the double purpose of healthy excitement and of the exclusion of petty solicitudes. In the last volume of his diary Macaulay mentions that he had turned over Philo and compared his narrative with Josephus. He had also looked into *Sopey Sponge*. "It was a new world to me, so I bore with the hasty writing, and was entertained."

Fortunate in all the circumstances of his life, he may be said to have been *felix etiam opportunitate mortis*, when a separation which would have been fatal to his happiness was impending. Ten days before his death he wrote in his diary, "I am perfectly ready, and shall never be readier. A month more of such days as I have been passing of late would make me impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child." If he had cared for such details he would have approved of the choice of his burial-place, where, "amidst the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, and Handel, and Goldsmith, and Gray, stands conspicuous the statue of Addison." A still further felicity consists in the admirable record of his life and character by the biographer whom of all others he would have preferred.

ROSS NEIL'S PLAYS.*

IT is unfortunate that in recent years there should have been so complete a divorce between poetry and the stage; but it must be admitted that the experiments which have from time to time been made in the production of poetical dramas have not been altogether of a happy kind. At the present moment attention is directed to a work of this class composed by the most eminent poet of the day, and the respectful sympathy with which it has been received shows that there is at least no lack of appreciation on the part of the public. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a play less calculated to secure popular favour. In the first place, it is, as put upon the stage, not a play at all, but only a loose collection of detached scenes, which it would be scarcely possible to understand if the audience were not already acquainted with the general subject. The most dramatic passages of the original poem have been omitted, and what remains is little more than a monotonous dialogue between two characters who in themselves are anything but prepossessing and agreeable. Mr. Tennyson has begun late as a dramatist; but it is easy to imagine what he might have achieved in this line if he had had any encouragement to devote himself to it at an earlier period. Again, the plays by Lord Byron, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Browning which have been tried upon the stage, have been equally wanting in the qualities which are indispensable to histrionic effect, and the conclusion has been drawn that nowadays it is hopeless to expect a revival of poetical drama. The answer, however, is that it is hopeless only as long as the writers of poetical dramas neglect to study the essential conditions of dramatic success. Sir Henry Taylor's plays, for example, are full of fine poetry, but they are deficient in concentration, unity, and inci-

* *Elfinella; or, Home from Fairyland. Lord and Lady Russell.* By Ross Neil, Author of "Lady Jane Grey," "Inez," "The Cid," &c. London: Ellis & White. 1876.

dent. There is no want of character, only the characters do not act; they are like figures in a picture, and do not step out of the canvas. It is no doubt true that the faculty of producing dramatic animation and vividness in its highest degree is a rare form of genius; but there is no reason why it should not be cultivated to a certain extent by attention to the obvious rules and necessities of theatrical representation; and it is because there has been a tendency to disregard these conditions that the poetical drama has been more or less discredited. If, however, more support were given to this branch of literature by managers, authors would no doubt be led to take more pains to adapt their pieces to the exigencies of the stage. A Shakespeare is the product of a particular era, and cannot be expected periodically. But the general development of art depends upon the spirit in which it is cultivated, and there can be no doubt that, if the fashion of giving a nobler and more poetical form to the drama were once set, it would tend to propagate itself, and that not only the theatre but literature would thereby be strengthened.

It is not to be expected that all at once any great intellectual revival will overtake the drama; but it is not too much to hope that, as public taste improves, and opportunities are allowed to a higher class of dramatists, there will be a gradual process of elevation. Much might indeed be looked for from the theatre, if, instead of the vulgar melodrama and the artificial comedy of manners which have of late years almost monopolized the stage, plays of the class of which Mr. Ross Neil's may be taken as the type were to come into fashion. It is a great mistake to suppose that intellectual interest cannot be combined with patient and necessary attention to the practical requirements of the stage. For the groundlings there must of course be such entertainments as they are capable of understanding; but it can hardly be believed that in a city like London there does not exist a sufficiently educated and intelligent audience to appreciate a higher and more thoughtful style of drama than that which is ordinarily presented. Mr. Ross Neil is already known by two volumes of plays which have secured him a literary reputation, and it appears that *Elfinella*, one of the pieces in the present publication, has been successfully produced on the stage. *Elfinella* is a fairy piece, somewhat similar to those which Mr. Gilbert has popularized, but of deeper significance and more thoroughly poetical. There is, it seems, a law in fairyland by which each tribe of elves is allowed to adopt a human being as one of its members,

if born in the midnight hour,
And 'neath a certain blending of the stars
As gracious as 'tis rare.

And Elfinella finds herself in this position. She was snatched away at the moment of birth, and has ever since been brought up among the fairies, and has become as one of themselves. It appears that in fairyland humanity bears but an indifferent reputation. The earth is supposed to be peopled with a miserable set of creatures who have to drudge and toil, are subject to all sorts of suffering and privation, and are also animated by such malignant tempers that they spend the most of their brief life in quarrelling and fighting with each other till death—and the thought of death is above all appalling to the fairy mind—annihilates them for ever. The elves are filled with a sense of terror and pity when they think of men condemned to live

the life that leads to death,
Through age and sorrow, sickness, fear, and toil.

Elfinella has had the secret of her birth disclosed to her, and naturally feels much ashamed of her kinship, but consoles herself with the assurance that the fairies have made her in all things one of themselves, and that she shares their immunity from

The dreary pain of dull mortality,
Its tears, its shames, its sins—and then its end.

There is, however, one thing which has been concealed from her—that the adoption of a mortal into the fairy community is not finally accomplished without the fulfilment of another condition, which is :—

That whoso'er of mortal race is ta'en
To be the comrade of a fairy band
At end of thrice seven years must be again
Giv'n to the world and to mortality,
In midst of men to abide for thrice seven days,
A day with them for every year with us,
And, by this time of trial taught, make choice
(To be unmade no more) 'twixt life with them,
And cares and fears, and death to end it all—
And life etern with us, and smiles and mirth.

Poor Elfinella is at first dreadfully shocked at the idea of being even for a few days parted from her friends, but feels sure that she will never choose to remain on earth. Indeed she would make her choice at once without revisiting her place of birth, but the rule is imperative. Before she goes, however, the Fairy Queen tells her, by way of warning, of a former case of a mortal who, after being enrolled among the fairies, made her choice to live with men :—

ELF.
F. QUEEN. It chanced to her to be what you have heard
That mortals in their jargon call in love,
And this they say is madness while it lasts.
Then, being warned, be wise.

ELF.
F. QUEEN. And of all else avoid the thing called love.
Think that for you it means a heritage
Of care and death, and long companionship
Of mouldy-breathed decay, with bootless rue
When reason shall return, for as they say,
The frenzy quickly passes.

ELF.
Love means death;
I will remember that, and so be safe.

This gives the key to the story. Elfinella on her first descent among mortals finds confirmation of the bad accounts of them prevalent among the fairies. Her sister Lisa henpecks her husband, who shows a sad want of spirit. She also finds that earthly flowers wither quickly, and that the wicked passions of men are immediately to be exhibited in a war; the peasantry of the district—the scene is laid in Switzerland in the autumn of 1315—having resolved to resist their Austrian tyrants. It gradually dawns on her, however, that, after all, men are not quite so wretched and despicable as she supposed; for Lisa really loves Hans; Hans is a brave fellow who is quite ready to defend his country, though rather afraid of his wife; and she is also very much struck with Waldmar, the gallant young leader of the peasants, who happens to save her life. Indeed she begins to think that, with but a little change, the state of men might become almost enviable—as, for instance, if anger, strife, and death were done away with, and all men were like Waldmar. But, she asks herself, where would then be room for heroism and self-sacrifice?—

If death were not, no man could ever say,
"For you I'd give my life," and if 'twere said
'Twould have no meaning.

She vainly endeavours to persuade Waldmar not to risk his life in the war, but when he returns, stricken almost to death, she sees that "death lends nobleness and hope to life," and that "love is all." This bare outline, however, gives a very insufficient idea of the graceful mingling of humour and tenderness with which the joyous but idle sportiveness of fairyland is contrasted with the deep and serious experiences of human life. Nothing can be more touching than the delicate simplicity with which the dawning of love in Elfinella, and her vague terror of it as the madness against which she had been specially warned, are brought out. While the whole piece is of course by its nature fanciful, the writer keeps his fancy within control, and the result is a natural and suggestive study of character in which even the fairies are felt to be at home.

The other play in this volume, *Lord and Lady Russell*, is of a more solid and important character, and some readers may perhaps think that it ought to have come first, and that the fairy legend should follow, according to theatrical routine, to alleviate the sadness of the tragedy. On the other hand, however, whether the arrangement is intentional or not, it can hardly be doubted that it is a wise one for the author, as the tone of emotion thus rises steadily through the volume; whereas, if *Elfinella* had come last, there might have been something like a reaction. The general style of *Lord and Lady Russell* resembles that of the author's former historical play, *Lady Jane Grey*. There is the same natural eloquence and depth, but restrained, feeling, while the nature of the subject affords scope for broader treatment and for more varied and animated dialogue. The light, melodious cadence of *Elfinella* changes, as the transition requires, into a fuller and more stately key; and we have seldom read any blank verse which is so steadily and continuously satisfactory to the ear, without becoming in the least monotonous. The strength of the drama lies in the remarkable ease, naturalness, and simplicity, not only of the language, but of the way in which the incidents are treated. There is a close, but not a dry, adherence to the facts of history, with a sufficient degree of poetical suggestion to stimulate the imagination and feeling of the reader. There is frequent temptation throughout the piece—as, for instance, in the scenes between Lord Russell and his wife and those in which their little girl takes part—for sentimental developments, but these are, we will not say sternly, but firmly repressed. The author strikes the right note of feeling, confident of response from the reader, without having recourse to any artificial amplification or reiteration. There is no strain of language, no affectation, no forced working up of incident. Everything is natural, simple, and spontaneous, and is the more impressive from being so. These are qualities which are rare in literature, and still more rare on the stage. It does not appear whether *Lord and Lady Russell* was distinctly intended for the stage, and the length at which it at present stands would preclude that use of it; but it might, we fancy, be easily adapted to the purpose. The contrast between the cynical levity and corruption of the Court and the sweet serenity and highmindedness of the Russells in their affectionate domestic intercourse is the main feature of the play, though not didactically insisted on. Charles II., with his ready sense of humour, selfish good-nature, and weak dislike of serious subjects, is happily hit off, not in an elaborate portrait, but in the light touches of a master-hand; and so is the Duke of York, though the portrait is perhaps somewhat conventional. The various conspirators are also drawn with a graphic, discriminating touch. But, above all, the characters of Lord and Lady Russell stand out grandly in their grave and unaffected simplicity. We must quote one passage between the mother and her little daughter:—

RACH. History makes me sad: in history
Good men are always dying—ay, are killed
For nought but being good.

LADY R. Yet must you think
The best least need our pity.

RACH. Mother.

LADY R. Well?

RACH. How say you? will these times we live in now
Ever be history?

LADY R. Ay, surely, child,

If the world last long enough to let men write.

RACH. And when they write will't be of things so sad

As what they wrote before—of wars, and lies,

And murders in the dark, and wicked kings,

And good men brought to die?

LADY R. Pray Heaven no—
But 'tis as Heaven shall please.

RACH. I cannot think

That aught so ill shall ever be again
Here in this pleasant world that the blue sky
Clasps round with brightness. Where so much is good,
Sure evil cannot conquer.

LADY R. Yet the world
Hath oft looked fair ere this, and villainy
Been done in golden sunshine—as the sea
Where men lie drowned may yet be jewelled o'er
With diamonds of light. But this one thing
I'll tell you, child—that since the world was made
Did evil never truly conquer good,
But only seemed to conquer.

And here is another from the final interview between Russell and his wife:—

LADY R. Something there is of glorious in the cause
Of my greatest sorrow that upholds me now,
And may uphold me then.

RUS. O this is well!
So have I all I would for the time that rests,
And am so rich in what hath gone before
That, but in having had, I stand more high
Than the highest that now have.

* * * * *
LADY R. Why, even some such triumph feel I too,
And would not change with the happiest wife alive.
That God hath giv'n me such a friend to lose
Is very much, I know.

RUS. All things look small
When death takes measure of them, all but love;
And love hath grown so huge, and so hath pour'd
Its strength upon my soul, that I am willing
To leave my life, made full of all save years,
Ay, even for while to leave thyself.
Wilt thou not say as much?

LADY R. I'll try to say,
Lord, though thou kill me, I will trust in thee.

It must occur to every one who appreciates the peculiar influence of the stage on all classes of society, that plays of this kind, dealing with subjects of national interest, and in a tone which excites sympathy with the noblest emotions, might do much in making public opinion, not only more refined and intellectual, but more robust.

VIOLET-LE-DUC'S HABITATIONS OF MAN.*

M. VIOLET-LE-DUC has here adopted the same general form which he adopted in his *History of a Fortress*, that of a fictitious narrative, bringing out the different varieties of the arts of building or defence at the different times through which he traces them. But the fiction which runs through the present volume takes a much bolder flight than that which ran through the *History of a Fortress*. In that work the particular fortress and its endless changes were imaginary, and perhaps no one fortress may ever have gone through all of them in such regular order. But it was perfectly possible that it might have been so, and, if no one fortress went through all the adventures which M. Viollet-le-Duc described, most fortresses had gone through some of them. The fiction at most consisted in rolling several true histories into one. But M. Viollet-le-Duc's present subject could not be treated with so small a departure from literal truth. He could tell the history of a particular building through a long series of ages, because, however much the building was changed, it at least did not move from its place. But here he has to tell the history, not of a particular building, but of the art of building, and that not in one country only, but in the world in general. If then he was to give his work the shape of a continuous fictitious narrative, it must take quite another form. So M. Viollet-le-Duc's work contains the observations of two mysterious and seemingly immortal beings, Epergos and Doxios, who have gone through the world in all ages, giving special attention to the building of human dwellings at each stage. Epergos may be said to represent the spirit of progress; he is always encouraging invention; indeed the first hut of all is said to have been made at his suggestion, and he preaches the doctrine of always going forwards in a discourse which he is made to deliver to a select company in Paris seemingly quite lately. Doxios, on the other hand, represents the spirit of standing still. He checks all change; he remonstrates with Epergos from the beginning, for the making of the primitive hut; and at every stage his sympathies lie with those nations who stand still. The Egyptians, for instance, are his delight. Then they are supplanted by the Assyrians; then the Romans have a turn in his affections; and in this last stage he becomes a bitter hater of Christianity, as something new, and a defender of the doings of its persecutors. Somewhat later he comes across the Buddhists, and is charmed with the doctrine of Nirvana. He now becomes a zealous missionary of this faith of repose and of all that is opposite to progress; but, some centuries before the story is done, Doxios has become an equally zealous Christian. The form of the book is thus a very strange one, but the very strangeness of the fiction gives it a certain kind of interest, and, granting the impossible premises, there is something decidedly effective in the notion of a being—for we must hardly say a man—who has seen all the various stages of art with his own eyes and has actually himself suggested some of them. What we really have is of course M. Viollet-le-Duc's notions as to the progress of domestic architecture.

* *The Habitations of Man in all Ages.* By Eugene Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

which the thread of his fictitious narrative allows him to set forth with a kind of life which he could hardly have given to a mere technical treatise. Now and then his immortal companions have reminded us of Lord Lytton's *Zanoni*. But what is characteristic of M. Viollet-le-Duc's story is the application of this fanciful machinery to a special and technical subject. We are not inclined to say anything against it as long as it stands by itself. A bold and fantastic idea is carried out ingeniously, and, we may add, successfully. But the idea is one which may very easily be worked threadbare. The present attempt must stand by itself. M. Viollet-le-Duc must never use the same machinery again, and he must, as far as in him lies, hinder anybody else from using it.

The form of M. Viollet-le-Duc's book almost necessarily involves a good deal of what elsewhere we should call ethnological speculation; but which, when dealing with beings like Epergos and Doxios, we must rather call ethnological observation. These immortal personages, in their long and constant travels, are able to follow various stages of the Aryan migration, besides paying many visits to men of other races, which of course are all set forth according to the ethnological views of M. Viollet-le-Duc himself. And M. Viollet-le-Duc has clearly thought much about these matters, and about many others. He has a perfect right, if he chooses, to adopt the theory of Ernst Curtius, and to plant primitive Ionians in Asia before what is commonly called the Ionic migration. We look on that theory with a good deal of doubt, and we hold that Professor Hadley made some very strong points against it. But beings like Epergos and Doxios cannot doubt, neither can the chronicler of their adventures. If M. Viollet-le-Duc is fully convinced of this theory, he has a perfect right to make use of it in his quasi-romance; and he at least brings out, what there is no reason to doubt, that the Ionic capital had an Asiatic origin of its own, quite distinct from the true Doric of Hellas. Contrary to the general belief, M. Viollet-le-Duc gives the Doric a stone, instead of a wooden, origin; and he sees in Egyptian architecture, not a style derived from buildings hewn in the rock, but a style derived from buildings of wooden construction. Whether we accept his conclusions or not, the illustrations by which he tries to confirm them are, in any case, curious and instructive. Here and there we must think that he draws a little on his imagination. We have suffered too much at the hands of Pelasgians, or at least at the hands of those who have talked about them, to accept all at once M. Viollet-le-Duc's picture of the house of a Pelasgian noble. We must remember that his subject is the habitations of man, so that his business is throughout with domestic architecture, not with religious or municipal architecture, or even with fortresses, except so far that they happen also to be habitations. Still, with a little exercise of the imagination, he contrives to illustrate the chief forms of architecture from domestic buildings only. But we are rather inclined to complain that one or two important forms of domestic architecture are left out. M. Viollet-le-Duc is far from leaping over the transitional ages of European history. Epergos and Doxios wander about in the later days of the undivided Empire as well as in the Augustan age itself. But it does seem rather strange that he has not taken them to Spalato, to that domestic building which forms a greater era in architectural history than any temple or fortress. Nor are we satisfied when he leaps from a feudal castle of the thirteenth century to a *Renaissance* house in Paris in the sixteenth. Both England and France had a good deal to show in the way of strictly domestic architecture in the intermediate time. Epergos and Doxios, who visited so many people in so many distant ages and countries, would certainly have found it worth their while to make a call either on Jacques Oeur at Bourges or on Sir Anthony Browne at Cowdray.

On the whole we are inclined to wonder at the success with which M. Viollet-le-Duc's rather startling machinery has been worked. It certainly brings many things home to us in a more living way than could be done in any regular treatise on domestic architecture. We follow the two mysterious beings through their wanderings of ages, we hear their discourse with men of such distant times and places, and we feel ourselves taken behind the scenes. Not only the mere style of architecture and arrangement, but the origin and use of each feature, and the manner of those who dwelt in the successive buildings, are all brought out with a life which could hardly have been given them in a formal treatise. One of the most striking parts is where Epergos and Doxios visit Assyria in the days of its glory, and where Epergos has a talk with the architect of the Assyrian King, which strongly brings out the utter carelessness of human labour and suffering with which the great works of despots were reared. Then when, ages afterwards, in the days of Augustus, they are entertained by the patrician Mummius—were there any patrician Mummius?—Epergos holds forth, as he could hardly have found a more appropriate place to hold forth, on the higher value of works of art, each one in its own place, than when they are carried off, as they so largely were in those days, to form collections or to adorn places for which they were not meant. But some of the most interesting parts, though of course the most imaginative parts, are those which trace the earliest efforts of all—not so much perhaps the very first hut of the savage, as the first Aryan dwelling, destroyed by the elements and rebuilt with improvements suggested by Epergos, and the further changes made as the Aryans press southward and become lords of subject races. Their progress, slow and sure, is well contrasted with the early and unprogressive civilization of the Chinese, typified in the "fat Fau," whom our travellers visit at a very early stage of the progress of our own branch of mankind.

At the very end of the book Epergos makes a set discourse which is of course to be taken as setting forth the views of M. Viollet-le-Duc himself. Its key-note may be said to be "progress," but "progress within the old lines." He shows how the style of each nation has sprung from a certain constructive origin arising out of practical need, how its details have been modified by other practical needs, but how the marks of its real origin still hang about it. Strictly to go back is strictly impossible. The architects of the classical *Renaissance* tried to build Roman houses; but they could not; all that they could do was to build French houses with a Roman mask. M. Viollet-le-Duc evidently holds that, in such a case, reaction is the only means of again taking up the thread of progress. Each nation must fall back on the genuine principles of its own style, and so work out something for itself:—

Those enthusiasts for Greek and Roman forms—for in their naïve admiration they were accustomed to confound them, utterly different though they are in their principle and in its expression—have succeeded in misleading Europe for two or three centuries,—a mere moment, however, compared with the life of humanity; and we have been inundated with neo-Greek and neo-Roman,—such indeed as would make Greeks and Romans laugh,—without the slightest regard for origins, natural aptitudes, climate, materials, or the novel conditions of social life. In Paris and in Rome, in Madrid and in St. Petersburg, in Vienna and in Stockholm, so-called Greek and Roman palaces have been erected.

Nevertheless, a generation of inquirers has arisen who have had no difficulty in demonstrating that humanity is not thus homogeneously constituted; that because a Pompeian house was charming under a Neapolitan sky, and admirably suited to the requirements of people who lived two thousand years ago, it by no means follows that such a house suits our time and climate. A decided tendency towards a reaction is therefore manifest. Every civilised nation has begun to inquire—and the inquiry will be prosecuted with increasing ardour—whence it comes, and what are its elements; and it is consequently endeavouring to adopt those original forms in art which are adapted to the genius and requirements of the race to which it belongs. This movement is already very apparent in England, in Germany, in Sweden, and in Russia, and it is becoming daily more marked.

It is quite certain that, if a mediaeval house would not suit modern requirements, a Greek or Roman house would be still further from suiting them. And it is equally certain that, in England, just when the classical fancy set in, houses had begun to be built which, with very little change, would meet modern requirements. If we need not go back to old Greece or Rome, neither need we go away to Venice or Verona. But how hard to persuade a modern architect, brought up in due Ruskin-esque scorn for the "savage" and "detestable" works of his own land, that, by such a humdrum process as going into Gloucestershire and Sussex and studying Thornbury and Cowdray, he might have learned far more for practical use than anything that he can find on the other side of the Alps.

The illustrations are throughout singularly effective, bringing out the main points in the several styles with great clearness. And Mr. Bucknall's translation, as a rule, reads easily enough, though now and then he forgets that the duty of a translator is to turn things into the language into which he translates, not to leave them in that in which they were first written. M. Viollet-le-Duc, writing in French, naturally wrote about "souvenir" and "mélange." Mr. Bucknall, translating into English, should have found English words, and not have transcribed the French. "A pyre of souvenirs" is specially grotesque, and goes some way towards spoiling a striking passage at the end of the chapter on the Asiatic Ionians.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

IT is well for reading people that any one can be found to perform the necessary literary drudgery of making book-lists. It is true that we hardly thank them. Bibliographers are the butts of other literary men. They are, no doubt, estimable and industrious labourers in a difficult field; but we generally fail to understand how any intelligent being can be found to do their work. Those who only care for what a book contains of pleasure or information cannot bring themselves to see how an educated and thinking man can interest himself only with the exterior, or, at most, with so much of the interior as will enable him to record of a book that it is in so many sheets of so many leaves, and that the signatures run from A or B to G in sixes. Yet, without the labour of such folk, we should be without any knowledge of much old literature. The very existence of vast masses of early literature is unknown except through them. But for the care of bibliographers we should, for example, have less information about Shakespeare than we have now, if that is possible. The few hard facts as to the plays, upon which such mountainous theories have been built, are chiefly of a bibliographical kind. And it is the same with the works of a few other authors. Yet, allowing for this, and allowing, too, for the fascination which any record of human folly must exercise on certain minds, it remains a standing mystery that there should be men among us who, from preference and with no hope of anything like adequate reward, will give attention, learning, and often also talent, or something very like it, to the production of such a list as this now before us.

It is just possible, however, in an idle half-hour to extract some amusement from reading a list of the titles of books. A comparative study of title-pages might even have in it an element of historical and psychological importance. Every possible re-

* *Collections and Notes, 1867-1876.* By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner. 1876

source that conceit, ignorance, and falsehood could employ has been dragged into the service of giving books attractive names, and of persuading people to buy them. And, merely glancing at a few of the curious title-pages in Mr. Hazlitt's volume, we may see that, where attraction has been found impossible, the opposite course has been pursued; books by the score exist to which their authors have evidently endeavoured to give the most repulsive names possible. And again there is a third class—that of books which have no particular name. For the most part, scientific works are of this character. Books on the beginnings of knowledge are often sent into the world with a sort of summary of their contents on the first leaf, and the reader may choose for himself from a page of words the biggest for a title. Booksellers have a way of distinguishing one new book from another by the mere use of the author's name and the first word of the title. An order will be given at a publisher's for so many dozen of Green's "Shorts" or Huxley's "Lays." But a few authors are to be found who are so wholly incapable of understanding the objects and uses of titles that they neither display nor conceal the subject of their productions, and neither attract nor repel the reader. They simply put a name on the title-page because, since Wynkyn de Worde's time, titles have been usual. We cannot but look upon this course as foolish. An unfortunate author wonders he cannot get the public to see the worth of his performance. He expected, and perhaps he was right to expect, that everybody would talk of it, and yet nobody mentions its name. But he never reflects that he has given it a name that people cannot mention if they would. A cheap volume came out some years ago with the name of "Meliboeus." It was an account of modern London, and was, it seems, intended for the working classes, but they never asked for it. How could they? Many of Mr. Ruskin's titles are of this character; yet he intends them, he says, for people who do not know Latin and Greek. There are English names, however, which are just as hard to say as if they were in Latin, aye, or Hebrew. Mr. Cockayne, when he wrote a history of certain forms of superstition for the Rolls Series, gave it the very distinctive but utterly unserviceable name of "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft." This, though very good English, is just as hard to pronounce as "Burnt Njal," or the "Hydrologia Philosophica," noticed by Mr. Hazlitt, which is really an account of the mineral waters at Ilmington, or the "Chryso-thriambos," noticed in his former book, which is a cantata for the inauguration of a Lord Mayor, or the "Eropaidein," a book on education, published in 1607. Against such perversions on one side may be set the long descriptions usual a hundred years ago, and now, we regret to see, coming in again. A title, so as it serves to distinguish one book from others, can hardly be too short or tell too little. Novels require nothing but a bare name. Yet novelists have sinned on their title-pages more than even theological and philosophical writers. It is a stock question in the schools to ask a man if he can repeat the full account of his treatise given by Bishop Butler on the first page of the *Analogy*; but very few readers, we take it, could correctly repeat Richardson's abridgment of *Clarissa Harlowe* as it may be found on the title-page:—"Clarissa; or, the History of a Young Lady: comprehending the most Important Concerns of Private Life. And particularly shewing the distresses that may attend the Misconduct, both of Parents and Children, in Relation to Marriage." But this is nothing to some of the titles copied out so carefully by Mr. Hazlitt. Thus, Mary Cary published in 1651 the "Little Horn's Doom and Downfall; Or a Scripture-Prophesie of King James and King Charles, and of this present Parliament, unfolded. Wherein it appears that the late Tragedies that have bin acted upon the Scene of these three Nations: and particularly the late King's doom and death, was so long ago, as by Daniel predecelared. And what the issue of all will be is also discovered: which follows in the Second Part. By M. Cary, a servant of Jesus Christ. . . . 1651." Nor is this all, for a second title-page follows, lest the first should not have been full enough:—"A new and more exact mappe or Description of new Ierusalem's Glory," and so on for about the same space as the first. These Puritan titles are famous, like Puritan prayers, for their length; but it must be allowed that the other side made up in extravagance for anything that the names of their books may have wanted in length. Who would have supposed, without such evidence as Mr. Hazlitt gives, that even Court poets could pretend to mourn for James I.? But here we have an account of William Hodgson's "Plurisie of Sorrow, Let Blood in the Eye Veine: Or, The Muses teares for the death of our late Soueraigne, James, King of England," a work of such rarity that even the Museum copy is imperfect.

The use of alliteration's artful aid appears to be one of the most important of the title-maker's objects. Thackeray, who avoided it for his own books, made the most of it in his *Prize Novelists*, but other authors have used it for themselves. Mr. Hazlitt gives many instances. Thomas Churchyard published in 1575 "Churchyards Chippes," and in 1593 "Churchyards Challenge." Thomas Coryat published in 1611 "Coryat's Crudities" and "Coryat's Crambe." The assonance is more complicated in "Batt upon Batt, a Poem upon the Parts, Patience and Pains of Barth. Kempster, Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of Holy-Rood-Parish in Southampton; by a Person of Quality"; and sometimes we have a jingle or half-rhyme like Carlyle's "Britaines Glorie, Or An Allegorical Dreame: with the Exposition thereof Containing the Heathens infidelities the Turkes blasphemie the Popes Hypocrisie Amsterdams varietie The Church of Englands verity in Religion. And in our Church of England The Kings excellencie. His Issues integritie. The Nobles and Gentrys constancie. The Councill and Judges fidelities. The

Preachers puritie. The Bishops sinceritie." It is refreshing, after wading through pages of such enormities, to come upon a title of the older style. Hawes's poem, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in or about 1512, has a woodcut on the title-page, and over it, "Here begynneth the booke called the example of vertu." A later edition is not so good an example of this particular kind of virtue:—"Here followeth a compendious story and it is called the example of vertu in the whiche ye shall fynde many goodly stors and naturall disputacions bytwene fourre ladyes named Hardynes Sapience Fortune and Nature."

The books noticed by Mr. Hazlitt in this volume are all rare. In his former work on the "Popular, Poetic, and Dramatic Literature" from the introduction of printing to the restoration of the Stuarts, he had occasion to mention many books already described by Lowndes or some other bibliographer. But in these *Collections and Notes* there is very little that has ever been recorded before, and perhaps it would be safe to say that three-fourths of the books named in it are unique. For this reason, if for no other, they are of value to collectors and to men of the same tastes as Mr. Hazlitt; but English literature would not have suffered any irreparable loss if these three-fourths had perished altogether. There are very few that are worth reading, still fewer that will improve the reader's mind, and an immense number which, whether on account of their party violence or their obscenity, are absolutely unfit for reading. Fortunately it is not often one can meet with them; their profanity or ribaldry have ensured their destruction, and we may very well look on the mania for collecting them as a harmless form of the prevalent insanity. To such collectors Mr. Hazlitt's book is simply indispensable; nor will it be absolutely useless to the student of the history of English literature. The books which are the most popular for a time are often, perhaps in consequence, the rarest afterwards. Famous as is now the "Martin Marprelate" controversy, no one has been able to find a copy of the original tract which started it; yet such a discovery would be of great interest. Only a single specimen remains of the first edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. No fragment of Tyndale's first publication of the Gospels is known to exist; of his first complete Testament there is only a single copy, and that imperfect. Of other very popular books, again, copies are common. *Gulliver's Travels* is by no means scarce in the first edition. It is the same with *Paradise Lost*. But Cocker's *Arithmetic* is very rare in its first edition, and so is Joe Miller, for it would almost seem as if people who had learnt the jokes off burnt the book, that they might the more easily make its contents their own.

Mr. Hazlitt has the same advantage over his readers as a traveller who has traversed some region previously unknown. No one who has not seen the books of which he tells us can correct his description of them. He has things all his own way. He may almost say, like the Irishman, "The man's dead now, and I defy him to contradict me." He has had access to a large number of private libraries. He has an unrivalled knowledge of his subject. And, above all, he has spent many years in which he has never lost an opportunity, in auction-rooms and other places where rare books may be seen, of noting down examples; and even, as he tells us, of going over collections of a kind which we would gladly believe no one ever makes now—namely, of title-pages alone, cut out of books. In one or two places we wish he had given a little more information. A few biographical notes would have been of great value. To take a single case. In Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* there is the following entry:—

Plantagenet (Beauchamp). Description of the province of New Albion, and a direction for adventurers with small stock to get two for one and good land freely. 1650. 4to.

Lowndes goes on to say that a copy of this edition fetched 17*l.* 17*s.* in a sale in 1861, and that there was a previous edition in 1648, of which apparently he could get no account. In Mr. Hazlitt's former work there is nothing about Mr. Plantagenet. But in the present *Collections and Notes* we have something about the edition of 1648, for which we must refer to the book. But our purpose is not bibliographical. We should like to know whether this was an assumed name, who the assumer was, whether he founded a family in Virginia, where New Albion, it seems, was situated, and, in short, some historical particulars of a man who, if he was not remarkable himself, certainly bore a very remarkable name. But perhaps Mr. Hazlitt is right in sticking to bibliography in a bibliographical book, and we can only end, as we began, by congratulating the world that there are people willing to do the necessary work which he has performed here with so much ability and industry.

ELSA AND HER VULTURE.*

THE charm of "local" novels is one that must increase as the life of capital cities is more and more crushed into uniformity. A capital may produce a thousand professions and commerce may branch into innumerable special lines, but in the main the dwellers in a capital are better known to each other than the peasantry are to any of them. And not only is one Londoner like another, but a London merchant or workman is more like a merchant or workman of Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, than he is to a Westmoreland peasant. It is not true to say, as has been said more than once,

* *Elsa and her Vulture: a German Peasant Romance.* By Mine, von Hillern. Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

that humanity becomes interesting only when it has begun to live in cities, and that all peasants are alike. They seem alike to the jaded sense of the town-bred critic, because he has come to believe that naturalness must imply uniformity. As a matter of fact it is their very naturalness, the fact that they are the product of the soil they live upon, that gives them their distinctness, as the colours of the tree give their difference of shade to the moths that feed on it. The peasantry of Berry differ as much from the peasantry of Westmoreland as do the flora of the two districts from one another; you might as well expect to find the Edelweiss on Headington Hill as to find an Elsa in Oxfordshire. Artists have seen all this long ago, and the enthusiasm with which Scott's Northern novels were received at their appearance is only one piece of evidence among many that the artists are right. It is a curious fact that the foremost novelists now living in most European countries are full of local knowledge, and are at their best when they are displaying it. George Sand in the Vallée Noire, George Eliot in Loamshire, Auerbach in the Black Forest, Trueba among the Biscayan valleys, are following a right instinct, as their success proves. And now Mme. von Hillern comes forward with a Tyrolean novel, of which we may say that from the first page of it to the last we are in Tyrol, breathing the air of the mountains, and thinking the thoughts of those who live among them. Elsa, or "Vulture Elly," as she is commonly called, is the daughter of old Stromminger, the "Höchst Bauer" or head peasant of Sonnen-Platte, near Soden in the Oetz Thal. She got her name from an adventure in which, at fourteen years of age, she stole a young vulture, or Lammgeier, from its nest, and, as she hung by a rope in air, fought off the parent bird, and brought the young one home. This adventure is an index to her character, and the memory of it never leaves her; for Hansel, the stolen vulture, is her constant companion, the partner of her sorrows and her joys. She is, as the hero of the story says, "the handsomest and strongest girl in all Tyrol, and immensely rich," for her father, the head peasant, owns fields and flocks innumerable. After a poetical bit of introduction, where Elsa is revealed to us standing beaten by the winds upon a giddy precipice, the story begins with her confirmation-day at Soden. Elsa is sixteen years old, and very tall; she is a little ashamed of herself for it, lest people should laugh at her. But no one takes any notice of her, for all are too much excited by the news which has just come that Joseph Hagenbach, the brave young chamois-hunter, has killed the bear that was seen up in Vintschgau. Hardly is the confirmation over—a service that has been lost upon poor Elsa, whose thoughts have been away with Joseph and the bear—when the victorious hunter appears, escorted by a crowd of youths, tall men all, but he taller and stronger than any. "He seemed almost to shine from a distance. He looked like St. George in the church." At the first glance Elsa's heart is irretrievably gone, and her case becomes more hopeless still as she listens, from the fir-tree into which she has climbed, to the story of the battle which Joseph tells. The whole village is wild about Joseph; the Bishop publicly blesses him; only one person stands sullenly aloof, and that is Elsa's father. The old Stromminger, who for thirty years had been the most athletic man in the district, could not bear to feel that he must yield to the younger generation; and his sullenness breaks out into open fury when one of the bystanders, not content with praising Joseph, must needs cry out that Joseph's prowess was inherited from his father, who had also been the best shot and the best wrestler in the whole country. This is more than the Stromminger can bear; to hold his own he insults the memory of Joseph's father, and threatens Joseph himself. In the struggle that follows Joseph overcomes him, and then offers him his hand. But the Stromminger never forgives, and the scene ends with his cursing Joseph and the whole village, and dragging his daughter home.

This chapter introduces us then to the motive of the story. Elsa loves Joseph, who is hardly conscious of her existence; her father hates him, and swears that he shall never have his daughter. With her the savage old man tries the violent means that come most natural to him—he beats her, he disgraces her, he orders her to marry another, and when she refuses, he first half-murders her, and then, exerting the patriarchal authority that still survives in pastoral societies, tries the *ultima ratio* of banishment:—

Stromminger allowed a couple of minutes of deep thought to elapse, and then said, in a hoarse voice, "I cannot take your life, but as you love the Similaun and the Murzoll as much as your father, you shall henceforth live with them. Your place is there; never again shall you sit at my table. You shall go to the Hoch Joch to herd cattle, and shall stay there till you have found out that it would be better in a warm nest with Vincenz than surrounded by the snow heaps of the Murzoll. Make up your bundle, for I will not see you again. To-morrow, early, you are to set out. I will let the Schnalsers know my intentions, and send a farm lad next week with the cattle. Take bread and cheese with you, that you may have food till the cattle arrive. Klettenmaier shall guide you up the mountain,—and now be off with you. This is my final resolve, and I shall not change it."

"Good," said Elsa, in a low tone, and, bending her head, left her father's room.

Nothing could be more awfully solitary than the Hoch Joch, the uncultivated levels amid the peaks, where the sheep can in the summer months find a scanty living, and where the only human beings are the Schnalsers' herdsmen, "half-wild fellows, clothed in skins," who live miles apart in little stone huts. Here it is that Elsa is condemned to live, her only companions being her vulture and her flock, her only intercourse with the world being through the herd-boy, who, as the weeks go by, brings her a pittance of food. Her father sends to know if she will obey him now; her

only answer is that she would sooner be torn to pieces by her vulture. In manifold ways the silence and remoteness of the place are influencing her. Sometimes "a nameless longing seized the girl for the familiar meadows of her home, which were gradually veiled from her sight by the peaceful shades of evening." Sometimes, in the moonlight,

The mountain tops stared at her in hostility, because she dared to watch their nocturnal doings. It appeared as if it were only since her arrival that they had become so still and peaceful, like a company discussing some secret plot, who suddenly became silent when a stranger comes among them.

Sometimes the freedom of the place is what inspires her; she feels like a queen on her solitary throne, a ruler in the silent, boundless kingdom which her eye overlooks; "so that at length she gazed with compassionate contempt from the heights above at the ignoble race below, who gained their daily bread by bargaining and calculating, and a secret aversion replaced her former longing for home." Sometimes she sees visions and dreams dreams; dreams that she literally becomes the child of the mountain, and is adopted as sister by the "Seligen Fraulein," the awful beings with which the imagination of the simple peasantry has peopled the hollows of the hills. Sometimes, however, and most often, she dwells in thought upon the strong and brilliant creature for whom, without his knowledge, she is suffering this exile—Bear-Joseph, "the St. George of her dreams," whose equal is no girl in the Tyrol but herself.

We will not follow Elsa through all her after troubles, for the story is so short that no reader can have any excuse for skipping, or can want another hand to fill in for him the details of the plot. Elsa descends to find all changed at home; her old nurse Luckard dismissed and dead, her father disabled by lameness, and Vincent, her hated suitor, all-powerful with him, and directing the whole establishment. The new servants insult her, and she is driven by the sight of a piece of brutality on Vincent's part to an outburst of violence so frantic that she has to flee her father's house and wander about the country, she and her vulture seeking for a home. Naturally, folk look askance at her for her companion's sake, and for the fierceness which adversity and others' cruelty have stamped upon her beautiful face. The priest of Heilig Kreuz himself, fair example of the noble type that has charmed poets and novelists from the days of the "pouré person of a town," dares not shelter her; and she finds no rest until she falls half-dead at the door of the Klötz's house in the Rofen Hof, "the highest inhabited spot in all Tyrol." The pathetic little love-story that follows is most delicately sketched, and we will not spoil it by telling it again. It is enough that Elsa is faithful to her one passion, and escapes from the wooing of the honest Benedict Klötz, whom she respects and likes as a brother, to the hut on the Hoch Joch, when the spring has come again. Here she remains the summer through, and in the winter finds some shelter in service in the further valley, far from the home that she has learnt to hate.

It is while she is in her mountain hut that the plot thickens. With great art the author contrives a meeting between her and Joseph, just before her father's death frees and enriches her. But, not to mention a violent incident of the meeting which is best read in the story itself, an element of strife is introduced in the person of another girl, Afra, the maid-servant at the "Lamb" inn, whom Joseph is escorting over the mountain. It is with the relations of these three that the rest of the book is occupied. Vulture Elly, now that she has become Höchstauerin, rich, courted, and important, is almost maddened with the thought of her Joseph, about whose new exploits all the world is talking, throwing himself away on a maid-servant. She vents her anger on all around her; if she cannot be loved, she will be feared and hated; she rejects with scorn all her suitors—nay, she conquers them in fair fight, for she has openly given notice that he who can force a kiss from her shall marry her, but none are strong enough to do it. She wanders among the hills the whole night long, and returns to deck herself out in finery which no other peasant can rival. She is inflexibly severe upon the peasant vices of her servants; she has dismissal or chastisement in store for any that is guilty of drunkenness, dishonesty, cruelty, or light conduct. And all the while she broods over her disappointment till, at the procession on Corpus Christi Day, she publicly insults Afra, her rival, and forces Joseph to plan a revenge.

The revenge and its consequences occupy the last chapters of the book. How a trap is laid for Elsa, how she falls into it smiling, how she is affronted as publicly as she had affronted Afra; her wild outburst of fury, her vehement repentance, her thrilling rescue of Joseph from the death to which she has devoted him, the clearing-up of the Afra mystery, and the romantic end of all, we will not spoil our readers' appetite by telling. Here is one piece only, which, while it does not tell too much of the story, is a good example of the author's power. Joseph has asked Elsa to go with him to a dance—an act equivalent in the Tyrol to an offer of marriage—and in order to avenge Afra he has vowed to gain the kiss that none of her suitors has gained before. He has asked her for the kiss in the presence of all the people; she struggles for a moment between love and modest embarrassment. At last:—

XUM

She raised her fair face to him, and his eyes rested for a second on the fresh quivering lips offered to him; then he pushed her back gently, and said, in a low voice, "No, not so; no good hunter shoots his prey except on foot or in the air. I said that to you once before. I will win it from you in fair fight, I won't take it as a gift; and if I were a girl like you, I would

not hold myself so cheap. Defend yourself, Elsa, and don't let me off more easily than you did the others, or there would be no honour for me."

A scarlet flush of shame was diffused over Elsa's face: she would gladly have sunk into the earth. Had she so entirely forgotten what was due to herself that her suitor must remind her of it? A glare seemed to dazzle her eyes. Suddenly, drawing herself up to her full height, she measured Joseph with blazing eyes. "All right," cried she, "let it be so. You shall also learn what Vulture Elly is. Now, try whether you can win a kiss from her!"

She felt choking; she tore off her neck-handkerchief, and stood there in her silver-laced velvet bodice and white cambric sleeves, while Joseph's eyes were fixed with admiration on her beauty. "You are beautiful—as beautiful as you are vindictive," muttered he, as he sprang on her like a hunter on his prey, whom he intends to stab with his *couteau de chasse*, seizing her round the neck; but he little knew Vulture Elly. With one powerful effort she was free, and a malicious burst of laughter ensued from all those who had formerly fared no better than made Joseph frantic. He seized the girl round the waist with an iron grasp, but she gave him so well aimed a blow that he involuntarily drew back; fresh peals of laughter! By this blow, the effects of which she knew, she had always defended herself against every hostile attack. Joseph, however, dissembled his pain, and with redoubled fury seized the girl's arms with both his hands to try to approach her lips, but in an instant she bent to one side, while a breathless struggle ensued amid an ominous silence, only interrupted by a curse from Joseph. The girl twisted like a snake, so that he could not reach her mouth. Three times he bore her to the ground, and three times she sprang up again. He lifted her in his arms, but her movements were so rapid he could not touch her lips. Elsa's fine cambric sleeves were torn, and her silver necklace was broken to bits. It no longer looked like a love struggle, but rather a struggle for life or death. Suddenly she got free, but he pursued and once more seized her in his arms in a passionate embrace. Then, when she felt his heart beating against hers, and his breath on her cheek, all power of resistance left her, and sinking on her knees before him, overpowered by shame and love, she said, "I am yours!"

It must not of course be expected that all the scenes in the story are as exciting as this; but they are all as full of life and swing. This "German peasant romance" is a delightful story, well written and well translated. Throughout it is racy of the soil; it is full of the spirit of the mountains and of those remote valleys into which we wander in the summer-time, but into whose real life so few of us can enter. If the story fails of reaching quite the first rank, if it is not to be reckoned side by side with *La Petite Fadette* and *Silas Marner*, it still ought to be put high among tales of peasant life. Mme. von Hillern has not the subtlety or the supreme style of the greatest novelists, but she has seized a genuine character and brought it to us fresh from the mountains, simple, passionate, violent, childlike in its waywardness, and yet desperate in its intensity, and has presented it with success.

THE EARLS OF MIDDLETON.*

AS will be observed from its title, the author of this volume has set herself a double task. Besides writing the Lives of the two Earls of Middleton, she has undertaken to give a brief account of the Middleton family in general. Neither Principal Alexander Middleton himself, however, whose reverend academical figure fits in a ghostlike way through the volume at large, nor any of his descendants, unless it be Lord Barham, who was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Pitt, to any appreciable degree influenced the destinies of Great Britain. To Lord Barham Miss Biscoe assigns a share, in a roundabout sort of way, in the laurels of Trafalgar. He provided Nelson "with more vessels than he had demanded as necessary. To the reliance of the latter," (the comma confuses us, but we think we see what is meant) "on receiving the succours promised, the glorious battle of Trafalgar may, indeed, in a great measure be attributed." Be this as it may, any student specially interested in the Middleton pedigree before and after Alexander, the brother of the first Earl, will find in this book what he requires. But tracing pedigrees is one thing, and writing biography is another. Not every subject lends itself to a biography, and not every method of treatment ensures success in a biographer. In neither of the Earls of Middleton personally was there anything great or attractive, or distinctively interesting. The one was a coarse soldier, fond of gain, and in his latter days fond of drink, in whose services there was nothing extraordinarily brilliant, and in whose character there was nothing manifestly noble, though his political change or changes may admit of very easy explanation. The other was a man of education, and of a certain amount of political sagacity, who served a fallen cause unselfishly (for we disregard the scandal to which we shall refer below), but was of no really important use to that or to any other cause. In the case of the latter we have abundant materials by which to gauge the measure of his capacity; but of his personal character we hardly know enough to enable us to understand him as a man. In the case of the former we have hardly any materials of a personal kind, except such as a stray letter or a passing notice by Mr. Pepys's supply. The Earls of Middleton are therefore chiefly interesting on account of the transactions in which they played more or less conspicuous parts. But to compress an account of these transactions into a biographical framework is a task of great difficulty, and in the present instance was perhaps hardly worth attempting. In endeavouring to perform it Miss Biscoe has shown a good deal of industry. She has read a good many historical works and collections, which she freely cites, without inquiring into their general character or special adequacy; Hume, Smollett, or Oldmixon seem to serve any turn, though many other works have been consulted. Macaulay is

hardly at all referred to, though his character of the second Earl of Middleton really sums up most that can be said of him. Sometimes a "search in the Records" appears to have been instituted. Of footnotes Miss Biscoe is the reverse of chary; indeed we could have spared a few of these, such as the elucidation of the term Covenanters, or the not very exhaustive extract from "Beeton" about "Prior the poet." In general, however, we give all credit to the author for the trouble she has taken; and only regret that she should have been at such pains to make a book out of what, unless under very exceptional treatment, was better suited for a contribution to a dictionary of British biography.

It may be worth while, in illustration of this opinion, to run more rapidly than Miss Biscoe through the lives of the two Earls of Middleton. The elder, John, began his military life, which was the basis of his fortunes, as a pikeman in Hepburn's regiment, which was, says Miss Biscoe, "sent to France." This is rather vague notice of the regiment in the French service composed of old Scottish companies, of which Hepburn had assumed the command in 1633, and of which some account is given (with a reference to Middleton) in Mr. James Grant's well-known Memoirs of that renowned adventurer. Hepburn, like Leslie, was a soldier of the Thirty Years' War, and the days of soldiers of fortune were not yet at an end. But Middleton's campaigns were to be fought on his native soil; and already in 1638, when a lad of eighteen, he found himself back in Scotland, whither all Scottish officers serving abroad had been recalled by the Covenanters. Montrose was at the head of their forces, his device at this time being "For Religion, the Covenant, and the Country," while his soldiers wore "ane blue ribbon . . . which they called the *Covenanters' Ribbon*" in "despise and derision" of "the *Royall Ribbon*, of ane Reid flesh culler," worn by some of the loyalists. But the treaty of Berwick soon intervened; Montrose disbanded his forces and went over to the side of King Charles; and Middleton for a time withdrew into private life and married a wife, whose Christian name, Grizel, Miss Biscoe justly remarks, should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. In 1642, however, Middleton entered the service of the English Parliament and took an active part in the campaign of the following year. When deprived of his commission by the Self-Denying Ordinance, he (1645) obtained a command in the Scotch army operating against the now Royalist Montrose. This appears to have been the most brilliant part of his military career; Montrose was obliged to quit the country, and after the King's surrender Middleton, or rather one of his officers, succeeded in effecting the capture of Huntly. It is clear that as a commander Middleton fell short in nothing of the ferocity of the worst types of his age, burning castles, and in particular never sparing the life of an Irishman. Times were destined to change before 1654, when we find Hyde writing to Nicholas:—"Ask Middleton if he will have two or three Irish priests with him to carry on correspondence with Ireland."

The difficulties of Middleton's biography begin with the perplexed and perplexing period of Scotch politics which ensued after the surrender of King Charles, and during the final struggles of the Presbyterians in England to recover power out of the hands of the Independents. Miss Biscoe distinguishes three Scotch parties at this time—the Royalists pure and simple, the rigid Covenanters, and the Moderates, who sought to reconcile the interests of the King with those of the Covenant. Among the last-named she classes Middleton, and seems to defend him against Whitelocke's charge of double inconsistency or tergiversation accordingly. That Middleton acted with considerable canniness, more especially at the time of Montrose's landing, is clear; but we are afraid that there can be no doubt as to one of the motives which, to all intents and purposes, made him a supporter of what Mr. Carlyle, speaking of the situation of parties at a later date (1650), calls the "Malignant or Royalist extreme." The royal charter of June 29, 1648, which conferred upon Middleton the barony of Fettercairn (p. 42) might have helped to clear Miss Biscoe's doubts (p. 44) as to Middleton's "exact reasons for turning Royalist." Charles II., it is known, came to Scotland as a covenanted King, so that Middleton's principles (if any) were exposed to no trial in the services he devoted to the new sovereign. He was taken prisoner at Worcester, but, fortunately for himself, contrived to escape from his imprisonment in the Tower. For Cromwell is said to have "thirsted" for his blood; and it must be allowed that (like Cromwell himself) Middleton had interpreted the Self-denying Ordinance in no very self-denying spirit.

The expedition which Middleton, after many difficulties, the chief of which was the peace between the United Provinces and England, contrived to carry over to Scotland in 1654 was defeated by Monk. It was hopeless from the first; and an amusing letter from Captain M., conjectured to be Charles Middleton, afterwards the second Earl, illustrates some of the causes of the failure. "Mr. Presbyter" failed to show all the enthusiasm to which it was hoped to move him; the nobility and gentry, "descended of bastard aery," who had joined the army, fell to quarrelling and duelling, and among the soldiery there was desertion, which Middleton is stated to have suppressed by the horrible punishment of decimation. Though Monk had set a price on his head, he escaped to the Continent, and his military career was now at an end. Miss Biscoe at this point draws a broad line of demarcation between the two parts of Middleton's career, the latter half of which was overshadowed by a vice "of which we have as yet heard no complaints"—namely, that of excessive drinking. The Earl (he had been raised to this dignity in 1656 by the exiled

* *The Earls of Middleton, Lords of Clermont and of Fettercairn, and the Middleton Family.* By A. C. Biscoe. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

King) in vain attempted in the (probably congenial) locality of Danzig to raise men and money for a new Scottish expedition, but it came to nothing, and he remained abroad till the Restoration.

The account of Middleton's proceedings as High Commissioner in Scotland is the least satisfactory part of this biographical sketch. "He was throughout the greater part of his time intoxicated," and it is therefore "no marvel that many of his acts were arbitrary, and often outrageously absurd." We agree that hardly any terms of condemnation can be too strong for the intolerance and impolicy of the system of government pursued by the High Commissioner and his Council; but it should be remembered that the Scottish Parliament was, if anything, more Royalist than the representatives of the Crown; and Miss Biscoe herself, in her rather perfunctory account of the Recessory Act, has shown that Clarendon, who was very sober, insisted upon maintaining a measure devised by Middleton when he and his friends were, according to tradition, very drunk. When Middleton was finally overthrown by Lauderdale, he had the support to the last of Clarendon, and of his old adversary Albemarle. The whole of this part of his life, if carefully examined, would have formed a most interesting passage of history; Miss Biscoe has, however, treated it with exceeding slightness.

After this we catch glimpses of Middleton chiefly through Pepys, who thought him "a shrewd man, but a drinking man," and who states, in his own inimitable way:—

It pleased me to observe how some men may by age come to know much, and yet through their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable.

The fallen statesman was in some measure restored to the Royal favour, receiving the command at Rochester, and thus perhaps being in part responsible for the most notorious national disgrace of King Charles II.'s reign, and being finally appointed to the governorship of Tangiers. After much vexing the soul of Mr. Pepys in respect to this post, he repaired to it at last. But he did not long enjoy its sweets, such as they were; for, in 1673, he fell down staircase in a drunken fit, and after that drank no more. "Lord Middleton's career," moralizes his biographer, "is but one out of many examples of opportunities lost and talents wasted through habits of intemperance."

Charles, second Earl of Middleton (there seems no doubt as to his Christian name, though oddly enough, he was outlawed under the name of John), is, upon the whole, indisputably a more attractive personage than his father. He was swarthy of hue, like the King his master, whom he is said to have likewise resembled in his "gay and lively manners, embellished with wit." Of this latter quality Miss Biscoe is, however, unable to give any specimen besides the stock story about the priest, which she quotes from Oldmixon, and which Macaulay quotes from Burnet. Elsewhere we are informed, on the authority of Macpherson, that Middleton "was a man of humour and some learning, and he sometimes threw a mixture of both into his letters on the most serious subjects." But in the numerous letters extracted by Miss Biscoe from Macpherson's collection, which, in fact, form the staple of this second biography, there is hardly anything really characteristic in these directions. Lord Middleton's manner in some of his despatches as Secretary of State to the exiled King resembles that of diplomats who have probably always abounded at the minor Courts of Europe, and have sometimes found their way to positions in the greater. His arguments evidently strike him as extremely clever, and he thence concludes that they will have effect with others. It is true that the Ministers of King James II. and his successor at St. Germains had little but words on which to fall back, whether their aim was to move their friends in England or their friend at Versailles. But one seems to understand the weakness of their position when one reads such a letter as that of Middleton to Renaudot (January 24, 1695), in which he insists upon the fact that the loyal addresses presented by the Parliament to William offer a very strong and a very useful proof of the existence of a party opposed to him.

In this biography, as in the companion sketch, the author has not always seized with sufficient force upon its chief points of interest. It was unnecessary to give so many letters at length, while it would have been useful to illustrate with greater fulness the chief phases of Middleton's personal activity as a politician. His career before the final flight of King James II. from England was creditable to himself; for, though he loyally adhered to his sovereign in good and in evil fortune, his voice was always for moderate counsels, and he did not condescend to the surest means of securing the fulness of the Royal favour. When the crisis came, he did his best to persuade James to weather it, although, as we read in the King's own statement, cited by Clarke, he in the end owned there could be no safety for him to stay. When he afterwards followed the King to France, it was as the representative of that party among the Jacobites to meet whose views James issued a declaration calculated to conciliate his Protestant supporters at home. But, as Macaulay has shown at great length, this laudable effort proved an utter failure; and though King William himself had been sorely troubled with fears as to the influence of so capable a man as Middleton upon the counsels of King James, his endeavours proved as futile as those of his rival Melfort. After James II.'s death, Middleton became a Roman Catholic, a step which it is simply absurd to attribute to unworthy motives, though the Whig historian Oldmixon charitably suggests a desire for the recovery of a pension from the French Crown, and St. Simon a hope to regain the confidence of Queen Mary Beatrice. Converts have at all times been the victims of calumny; but it is hard that Middleton, who had never yielded to the wishes of King James during the life

of the latter, should have been maligned, even if he professed to have been moved to his conversion by the appearance of King James after death in a vision. After his conversion he withdrew from the Court for a year, partly to study Catholic theology in a convent, partly because he justly thought that "his continuing in office would give offence to Protestants," i.e. Protestant Jacobites "in England." After his return he resumed his activity, apparently still adhering to a moderate course of policy. In the attempt of 1708 his two sons were taken prisoners, and there was nothing in the course of public affairs to console him for this great private misfortune. The advent of the Tories to power once more raised the spirits of the Court of St. Germains, whose hopefulness had never deserted it altogether, and which continued to view things through the glasses of self-delusion. Marlborough had always seemed a possible Monk, and so in truth he was, only that "the Hamburg merchant" would at no time have engaged in any speculation without better securities than "Mr. Smith" was able to offer. Now, a Government from which even more might be expected appeared to be in power, but they likewise preferred a dilatory policy to that which Middleton recommended in a passage which we may quote as an example, if not of his epistolary wit, at all events of his fair political foresight:—

The greatest should take examples by Croesus to make use of their time; the star of the most fortunate is not fixed, and just now the cracked bully of the age has been severely banged for his presumption.

The crisis of Queen Anne's death came and took the Tories by surprise, as Middleton had feared. Shortly before, with a view probably of being no obstacle in the way of the adherence of Protestant Jacobites to the cause of the Pretender, he had again withdrawn from office. When he returned to St. Germains, it was merely in the position of the Queen's Great Chamberlain. He died, not long after Queen Mary Beatrice herself, in the year 1719. His two sons died some time after without issue; his daughters—at least, two of them, one being the Countess de la Roche, celebrated as *la belle Middleton*—survived to a later period of the century.

As we recently took occasion to observe, a history of Jacobitism in which a connected view should be taken of its military expeditions, its intrigues at home, and its diplomacy abroad, still remains to be written. In such a history the name of the second Earl of Middleton will hold a conspicuous place as that of one of the most devoted, as he was indisputably one of the most intelligent, servants of the Stuarts. Miss Biscoe's sketch helps to show the nature of some of the materials at hand; and if she has made no very striking use of them, her biography of the second Earl of Middleton may prove of service in the eventual execution of such a project.

TWO NEW NOVELS.*

MRS. CADELL has everything to learn in the technical manipulation of a story; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, *Ida Craven* is by no means a failure. It is not a failure, because, written with a definite psychological intention well preserved and clearly displayed, it is evidently a book of personal experience, and therefore true to nature in the main facts and the central conduct of the story, with personages neither fanciful nor exaggerated. If the character of the heroine herself is too composite, too subtle, for any but a master-hand to be able to draw it with perfect satisfactoriness, if the details at times escape us because of the uncertain touch of a novice, we know all through at what the author is aiming; and so far we feel grateful that, unlike many of the novel-writing tribe, she aims at anything at all beyond filling her allotted space with the requisite number of words. Again, if there is nothing very new in the plot—being simply the history of a young wife's struggle between love and duty—it is one which is as everlasting as human life itself, and which may be made interesting or repulsive according to the manner in which it is treated. In the hands of some it has been a peg on which to hang scenes of more or less suggestive immorality; but we must acquit the author of anything approaching to licentiousness, even in the scene on the house-top wherein the action culminates, and the heroine has to decide whether she will listen to love and Hugh Linwood or keep to her husband and her honour. Whatever risk there may be in the subject, it has been avoided by the tact of a delicate imagination rather than with the craft of artistic proficiency; and as we think that truthfulness in drawing and a delicate imagination go far towards making a good novelist, we believe that, if Mrs. Cadell will study her art as an art, and learn how to handle her materials with technical skill, she will make a very good writer of novels as times go, and novels of a kind which, judging from the specimen before us, we should expect would be always pure in treatment and healthy in tone. Naturally, her prominent failure is in a want of dramatic continuity. A novel may be likened to a growth where each preceding part is of vital importance to that which follows; or to a mosaic where everything fits so perfectly one with the other, that nothing could be taken away without destroying the harmony and completeness of the whole. Scenes which lead to nothing, and chapters which might be cut out bodily without the slightest damage to the sense of the story, are among the most usual mistakes

* *Ida Craven*. By H. M. Cadell. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

Miss Molly. By Beatrice May Butt. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

of novices. We may add to these the habit of telling the story rather than letting it transact itself; and the kind of shaky grammar which is represented by the persistent absence of relative pronouns and the determination to make some things "different to" others. But if, underneath all these roughnesses and weaknesses of immaturity, we can discern marks of latent power, we are justified in dealing gently with a first attempt and in hoping better things for a second.

There is a keen sense of humour in the beginning of this book, in that part where the Bygrave family are spoken of; and we only regret that "the boys" slip out of the story so soon and so entirely. Good fun might have been made of them, more especially of Jack, the eldest, whose "rather mongrel education" seemed to have every quality but the one of definiteness. We will give his portrait in Mrs. Cadell's own words:—

He had a scientific turn, was clever and absent, much given to books, and wild about birds, beasts, and fishes. His knowledge of French and German stood him in good stead. He could read up his subjects in other languages than his own, and better still, was able to make acquaintance with foreign savans. He was becoming known in the college as a boy who would do something, no one quite knew what, and was well thought of by the professors, who were glad of such a recruit for science, though they would have been better pleased with a little more definiteness of aim. He had at first lived with an old aunt of his mother's; but that was given up, as he worried her almost equally with his work and his play. His specimens and his musty books were only a degree less trying than his tobacco and his very miscellaneous acquaintance. Old Aunt Bridget was not a little thankful when at last he went into lodgings, though she did all in her power to prevent the step.

"How that boy is ever to make his living I cannot see," she would say. "This is what comes of bringing up children in outlandish foreign places. If he had been sent to Winchester, like his father, he would have been at Oxford by now, and in a fair way to make a worthy clergyman in the course of time."

But Jack would certainly not make a worthy clergyman, and was likely to be a trouble to his friends for some time to come; and when his mother, on her arrival in London in the April of this year, had seen him for the first time, she felt her heart sink. He had left her a smart, bright schoolboy, with a half formed intention of becoming a doctor; she found him no longer smart, but tall and weedy; still bright enough, but woefully conceited. He seemed to have passed from her hand, never to return; and when the mother thought she was going to put him out into the world with a very vague notion as to how it was to be done, she found that he had already entered into world of his own, where she was nothing.

Further on we read that Mrs. Bygrave "had a floating dread that, sooner or later, her eldest son would be found keeping a menagerie." Herbert, the second son, who is to cram for the army, is found to "require some months of English life, before he would have sufficiently unlearned his foreign manners and foreign ways to mix pleasantly with boys of his own standing"; while the third boy "was to go to Rugby, and become, if possible, an English boy again." "After spending all these years making foreigners of her sons," says Mrs. Cadell, speaking of the mother, Mrs. Bygrave, "she began to doubt if she had not better have left that undone. Jack's mind had become German, Herbert was very French, she was determined her youngest boy should be English." All this is very good and graphic, and we wish that we had had more of it; but this is all that we see of the younger two, and almost all that we see of the eldest; and the little that is presented to us of this last is not much to the purpose, nor in any way helpful to the book. The description of Ida too, if a little vague, has one good expression—the "puppy clumsiness of her age"; but we are rather in a fog between her inner childlessness and outer manner of womanliness, and do not see exactly the personality sought to be presented to us. Though so little is said of Mrs. Bygrave, Ida's mother, she is a more vivid personation than the heroine herself; and matters do not mend in this respect as the story goes on. Is not the husband too, Arthur Craven, a little too cold? As the adoring husband of a very young and very childish wife, he strikes us as being both dull and chilly. We know that it is not in the nature of things for husbands to continue lovers; and life at fever-heat would soon put an end to itself; still there is the golden mean which is by no means a despicable thing, and we wish that the author had hit it more exactly in her character of Colonel Craven. In the end, however, he atones for his former flatness, and proves the sterling quality of the metal of which he is made; while Ida, in her turn, atones for her perilous weakness by the honesty with which she confesses herself to her husband, and the loyalty with which she sets her young face once more to her duty. We are glad that the story ends well for all concerned; save indeed the Mussulman friend of Colonel Craven, Saadut Khan. We suppose there always must be a sacrifice, even in the least morbid book, by which the rest are made happy; but we do not see why poor Saadut should have been killed, and we should have liked to see more of him. The slight indication given of his character in his Oriental distrust of Ida and his patriotic (?) disinclination to side with his British friend are good so far as they go; but they do not go far enough. In her next book Mrs. Cadell might utilize the Eastern knowledge which she manifestly possesses, and so give both freshness and piquancy to her pages. We trust, however, that she will not publish another novel until she has studied the construction and method of narration of some of our best models, and developed more perfectly her own possibilities of smartness and character-drawing.

The author of *Miss Molly* has odd ideas on some matters. "A long low room, a fire blazing on the hearth, which cast a comfortable red glare on all around, more comfortable than ever after one glance at the grey, wintry sky outside," may be pretty as the corner of a picture, but can scarcely be called any one's "surroundings";

and when we find, in the very first page, a sentence in which a nominative case figures without a verb, we expect to see slipshod writing matched by slipshod thinking. A writer who speaks of a lake nearly a mile long, with little islands at intervals, but nowhere "deep enough to be dangerous," has certainly not studied that part of her subject which deals with nature and natural phenomena; and things are still worse when we come to "different to," "as to who should go with who," "either of you were," "it was us," and the like. We do not think that we are too exacting when we ask for accuracy of description and correctness of grammar from the ladies and gentlemen who undertake to amuse and instruct us by means of fictitious sorrows and imaginary joys.

The story of *Miss Molly* is very slight. It is merely the love affair of the heroine, who gives her name to the book, and a certain Rex or Reginald Burnaby, the first man who has known how to fix her roving fancy or subdue her high spirit. Hitherto she has been notorious chiefly as an incorrigible flirt, who subjects herself to passionate kisses and despairing wailings from the men whom she has cajoled and rejected; but when she saw Captain Burnaby she owns her master, and in so doing acts only as many of her sex had done before her:—

A big, broad-shouldered man, too broad-shouldered almost, some people said, for the small, beautiful-shaped head that he carried so proudly—that beautiful-shaped head being one of his few good points, for he was not at all a handsome man, at least not in the ordinary acceptance of the term, as he had not a single good feature in his face, excepting the dark eyes that were so like his sister's. But there was something about him that went further with women than mere looks—at least so may be supposed, as it was not often that he set himself down to any siege but, however it might be prolonged, in the end he rose up victorious. Not that he was at all conceited, or in any way given to boasting of his conquests, only that such was the fact; though, perhaps, it does not say much for the sense of his victims that it was so. Perhaps it was his strength, for women like to feel themselves conquered physically as well as morally.

The course of the true love, however, which springs up between these two people is destined to run in a very mournful kind of way for some time, for Captain Burnaby has a quarrel and a stand-up fight with a brother officer, who is somehow killed in the scuffle, and he is sentenced to five years' imprisonment for manslaughter. After one or two heartrending scenes between the lovers in prison—where they are allowed to meet and kiss each other as in the good old-fashioned times, all to themselves quite comfortably in the cell, with no thought of that uncomfortable division between the grated compartments where a warden stands to see that no tricks are played—Rex goes off to fulfil his term, and Miss Molly goes home to be ill and miserable. Nothing happens during the five years, save the marriage of Miss Molly's twin-sister Genie, and the death in the Crimean war of a former victim, one Mr. Winwick, a man who kisses Miss Molly with very inconvenient passion when he has helped her down from the third step of the library ladder on the top of which she was perched when he comes into the room to bid her good-bye after her rejection of his offer. And after the term of imprisonment the action is as simple as it was before, comprised as it is in these three facts, that Rex takes refuge in his brother's house—the brother being the penultimate cause of the fatal squabble which ended in Captain White's death and Captain Burnaby's ruin; that Miss Molly, hearing of this, goes to the house with her mother and again offers him herself and her love; and that, after the proper hesitation and chivalrous coqueting with his happiness due from the gentleman, the lady's devotion and persistence win the day, and Miss Molly's love conquers Reginald Burnaby's reluctance.

We have no moral objection to urge against *Miss Molly*. It is a silly little story, but an innocent one; if we except the heroine's adventures into the domain of reckless flirting and unauthorized kissing, which we confess we do not like. But, if harmless, it is a book without life-likeness or the ring of truth in it anywhere; a phantasmal kind of thing throughout, drawn from fancy models and fancy circumstances, not from real life in any way, and thus falling into the category of those feeble absurdities which have no abiding place in literature because their roots are not in fact or truth.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MORE than one memoir of "Stonewall" Jackson * has been published during the thirteen years that have elapsed since his death; but we do not think that any of them has been better executed, gives a truer picture of the great Confederate hero, or shows a clearer insight into his extraordinary character, which was partly displayed and partly concealed by certain outward eccentricities, than the one now published by Mr. J. E. Cooke, a member of General Stuart's Staff, and therefore brought into frequent contact and personal relations with Stuart's first commander and most intimate friend among the Confederate leaders. During the earlier period of the war, no character on either side made so deep an impression, either upon his own countrymen, upon the enemy, or upon European observers, as that of Stonewall Jackson. Less distinguished in the field by first-rate victories or consummate strategy than either of the two great Virginian commanders-in-chief, a man of far less elevated genius and much more

* *Stonewall Jackson: a Military Biography*. By John Esten Cooke, formerly of General Stuart's Staff. With an Appendix containing Personal Reminiscences, and a Full Account of the Ceremonies attending the unveiling of Foley's Statue. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

limited mind than General Lee, he was undoubtedly, in the eyes of the Confederates, until his death at Chancellorsville, the hero of the war, the idol of the troops, the trust of the people, the one figure on which all eyes were fixed, and in whose powers and almost unvaried success they seemed to discern a guarantee of final victory. To the Northern armies he was the object of peculiar dread, to the Northern people an object of mingled admiration and fear; but alone among the leaders of the South, military and civil, he never seems to have been the object of personal animosity. In England he was naturally regarded with especial admiration as representing a type of soldier character peculiarly English, a Puritan of the Elizabethan stamp, a military Christian in whom Havelock or Lawrence would have recognized a brother. An orphan who had worked during boyhood on a farm, and received such education only as he could pick up at a Virginian common school between the intervals of labour, he bore so high a character that he was appointed at sixteen constable of the township; he had so much moral courage and intellectual self-confidence as to press for a nomination to West Point among competitors all of whom had had a far better education than himself; and beginning at the very bottom of his class of seventy, he worked so hard as to graduate seventeenth in that same class after four years of study. Immediately appointed to a battery of artillery serving in Mexico, he won his way in a single year to the rank of brevet-major in the regular army. When his health, broken down by service in Florida, compelled him to accept a professorship in the Military Training College of Virginia, at Lexington, his brilliant services were so far forgotten, and his personal oddities so prominent, that he was ridiculed as foolish or mad by the young cadets, though he contrived to maintain his authority, and set an example of punctilious obedience to orders which, if sometimes laughed at, was not without its wholesome effect. When the war of secession broke out he was selected for the command of a brigade by the Governor of Virginia, who of course knew, better than the cadets of Lexington, how Jackson had distinguished himself in Mexico. He was for some time in command at Harper's Ferry, and, when superseded by Johnstone at the head of a larger force, he had brought the first brigade of the army of the Shenandoah to such proficiency in drill and discipline as won the confidence and respect of his superiors, and gave it at once that pre-eminence which it never lost. This was the brigade which, standing like a "stone wall" at Manassas when the rest of the Confederate troops around it were retiring in confusion before overwhelming numbers, checked the Federal advance until reinforcements could be brought up, turned the fortune of the battle by a desperate bayonet charge and by hand-to-hand fighting—a hard trial for troops not three months embodied—and won for itself and for its chief a nickname which will be remembered until the history of the United States is forgotten. Those who have lost sight, as many English readers have done, of Jackson's next exploits, his campaigns in the Valley of Virginia, are apt to render imperfect justice to his powers of independent command. In those campaigns he showed himself as fully capable to act with skill and energy on his own account as any general engaged in the war, and achieved as much in proportion to his strength as any, save Lee himself in his last struggle. From the moment when, beating and baffling in succession three Federal armies, each superior to his own, he disappeared from their front to fall suddenly, in pursuance of General Lee's scheme, on the flanks of Maclellan, and strike the first blow in that seven days' battle which hurled the Federal army, confounded, shattered, and utterly cowed, from the bank of the Chickahominy to that of the James—from that moment he was known, and was content to be known, only as the right arm of the Commander-in-Chief. Lee trusted him in very truth as his own right hand; and when Jackson fell by the fire of his own men at Chancellorsville, his chief and his country felt that not only Lee, but the army of Virginia, was half crippled. After Jackson's death there were splendid actions, victories gained against overwhelming odds, a defence amongst the most glorious that history records, but there was never again for that heroic army a brilliant and successful offensive.

A new edition of Mr. Samuel Hopkins's quaint book, originally published in 1859, entitled *The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth*^{*}, will probably find, if not more readers than it deserves, at least many more than can safely give themselves up to the influence of the author. Mr. Hopkins thought proper to treat his subject in what he is pleased to call a dramatic manner; that is to say, he mixes up with real history and actual State documents, with facts obtained from contemporary writers, or more commonly at second-hand from the pages of later authors, and with anecdotes vouched either by history or tradition, a quantity of purely imaginary incident and conversation. He puts into the mouths, not of invented characters, who might be supposed, like a Greek chorus, merely to represent the popular ideas of the time, but into those of historic personages, not merely opinions and comments such as he chooses to suppose they might have uttered, but discussions which, if they really took place, would have an important bearing on our judgment of the men or on our understanding of the history, and interlards with fragments of what may be called an historic novel a book which, if these were cut out, would be regular history. We cannot think that this practice is at all legitimate, or even excusable. Mr.

Hopkins imitates, more or less successfully, what we know to have been the language of the time, and what he infers, more or less reasonably, to have been the sentiments of the speakers whom he introduces. But, inasmuch as he affords us no means of distinguishing the thoughts which he ascribes to them as in his view the necessary consequence of their known opinions from those opinions themselves, the effect of this treatment is to put the cautious reader on his guard, and make him mistrust every impression he derives from the book; while the incautious reader—and most readers of such books are incautious—is led to form a multitude of impressions, both as to men and facts, of which he can give no reasonable account, and which may be utterly misleading, but which will inevitably colour all his views regarding the personages and events of the Elizabethan age. And the more successful the dramatic treatment is, the more complete and incurable is the mischief. On certain points, and those of no trivial importance, Mr. Hopkins is undoubtedly wrong; wrong, because sympathizing warmly with the Puritans, and at the same time holding the views of their modern descendants, he represents the former in a manner agreeable to the latter, and puts into the mouth of the most illiberal faction in English history the Liberal ideas of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Hemans, a woman and a poet, might be excused for representing the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Bay as having

left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God;

but no citizen of Massachusetts is to be excused for repeating as history a poetic fiction to which every line in the records of his State gives the lie direct. The Puritans of fancy may have been Liberals; and the Puritans who migrated to New England may have sought freedom to worship God for themselves; but even they strenuously denied that freedom to others; and the Puritans of England contended in Parliament as much for the liberty of persecuting Papists and slandering their Sovereign, his wife, and his friends in language such as could not now find a decent publisher, as for the liberty of preaching without a gown and praying on their feet. When they drew the sword, it certainly was not for religious freedom; and when they got the upper hand, their persecution was more inquisitorial, and, but for the political sense of Oliver Cromwell, would have been more merciless than that of Laud himself. It is probable that the Puritans of Elizabeth's day, especially before she had begun to persecute them severely, and even afterwards while she stood between them and the terrors of a restored Popery, were less fierce and less violent than they subsequently became. But they were never gentle, and they were never tolerant; they regarded toleration as a sinful compromise with the priests of Baal, and gentleness as treason to the cause; and the language which Mr. Hopkins puts into their mouths would have been quite as much in place in that of Bonner, and much more congenial to Cardinal Pole. His dramatic conversations, therefore, so far as they produce any idea at all in the reader's mind, produce a false one.

The memoirs of Mr. George Ticknor^{*}, written partly by a friend named Hillard and partly by Mr. Ticknor's wife and daughter, have little political or biographical interest, but contain a great deal of curious incidental information regarding the men and events of the last fifty years. Mr. Ticknor belonged to one of the best families in Boston. His father was one of that small, highly cultivated, intellectual society which has always existed in what is called the American Athens, tracing its descent back to the least bigoted and most intelligent of the original Puritan settlers, and through the colonial times down to the Revolution, in which many of its members bore a distinguished part. The circle in which the elder Adams was most prominent could see that in a mere colony, governed as our colonies then were, there could be little room for a high ambition, and for the employment of great talents; while of a new nation they might hope to be among the principal founders and chief rulers. However their personal aspirations may have been gratified, the hopes they naturally entertained for their descendants have, as we know, been utterly disappointed. Scarcely one of them, born in the present century, has filled a high place in the political world, the American democracy being almost as jealous of hereditary culture as of hereditary wealth. By the time that George Ticknor was old enough to choose a career in life, it had become evident that the influence of the society to which he belonged was rapidly waning, and that of the men who had given to Boston her high intellectual reputation, and her weight in the councils of the Union, few could hope to attain such political rank and influence as would make politics an attractive occupation. Having no taste for the stormy life and degrading condescensions of a demagogue, and being exempt from the necessity of earning a livelihood, Mr. Ticknor, after going through the formal education then required of Americans, as of English lawyers, resolved to devote himself to what he called, and perhaps meant to be, a literary career, but what proved to be in reality a life of intellectual indulgence and literary dissipation. He spent several years in Europe; and, having introductions to the leading men of letters in England and on the Continent, being favourably regarded as a member of the intellectual aristocracy of his country, and well acquainted, despite his youth, with many of her chief statesmen, he enjoyed such opportunities of mixing in the choicest society of Europe as render his letters and journals a

* *The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, from the Reign of Edward VI. to the Death of the Queen.* By Samuel Hopkins. With an Introductory Note by Mark Hopkins, D.D. 3 vols. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

* *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

rich repertory of personal and historical anecdote. Having also considerable insight into character, he has left on record many interesting portraits of the most eminent personages of the first half of this century on both sides of the Atlantic. This constitutes the whole value of the two volumes before us; for Mr. Ticknor's remarks on the politics of America, though he lived through the most critical period of her history, and was a moderate partisan and a careful observer, are neither original nor important.

The records of the cholera epidemic of 1873*, consisting of historical and critical papers communicated by the leading physicians of America, statistics collected by public authorities, and an account of the manner in which the disease was introduced, or was supposed to have been introduced, by the merchant ships which carried on communication between the ports of the Union and the infected parts of Europe and Asia, are full of interesting and important information. The volume before us is in the form of a State Paper submitted by the President to Congress; but, like most other documents of a similar character, it is written with much greater freedom, and is composed to a much greater extent of essays embodying individual opinions and observations, than is the case with English Blue-Books. It is a work which epidemiologists will do well to study with care, whether they may agree or differ with its principal conclusions—namely, that the first symptoms of an outbreak of epidemic cholera in Europe and America may be discerned in a temporary aggravation of the perennial cholera prevalent in parts of India; and that quarantine precautions can hardly be effective, inasmuch as the infection is conveyed by vessels sailing from European ports before it is known that these have actually received it.

An essay on "Shelley as a Philosopher and Reformer"† may naturally excite hopes that we shall find therein some new and original views concerning the character and temper of a very extraordinary mind, and the tendency of opinions which—universally and mercilessly condemned when first put forward—are less antipathetic to the present tone of public feeling, and less anti-religious in their essential spirit, than those of many of the leading authorities in science or philosophy who influence the creed of the existing generation. But to those who remember the name of Charles Sotheran, now perhaps generally forgotten in this country, the title-page will be sufficient to moderate any such expectations, and we are bound to say that not even a study of Shelley's works—of all others the most likely to temper the passions, purify the ideas, and improve the style of materialist and a demagogue—seems to have exercised any wholesome influence on the mind of Mr. Sotheran. His sympathies go entirely with the superficial evil and absurdity of Shelley's writings, with their false morality and their formal atheism, not with their essential purity of sentiment and the deep religious feeling, devoid though it be of a legitimate object, which pervades every line. From no other writer should we have had a repetition of that senseless abuse of Lord Eldon which was natural enough in the aggrieved father and persecuted Liberal, but which is inexcusable in any man not maddened, like Shelley, by the grievous wound to his personal affections, and aware, as every one must now be, that, while Shelley was leading a life distinctly immoral according to the views of English law and English society, it was the simple duty of the Chancellor, when appealed to, not to hand over children to such guardianship. The doctrine on which Lord Eldon acted may have been right or wrong, but it was unquestionably the doctrine of the law which it was his duty to administer. Mr. Sotheran's views of Shelley's philosophy and politics are such as might be expected from one who thus revives the animosities of half a century past. The philosophy was that of a poetic, pantheistic dreamer; the politics were those of an utterly unpractical, philanthropic sentimental. Mr. Sotheran would turn the one into hard materialism, and the other into vulgar demagogery; and his book is a mere translation of the poetry of Shelley into the prose of Bradlaugh.

There has been considerable discussion in the American press during the past month respecting the alleged attractions of the "Black Hills," a portion of the great Rocky Mountain range on the borders of the Wyoming and Dakotah territories. Certain persons had put forth glowing descriptions of the country and of the amount of gold to be found there, and contrived to create what in Australia and California is called "a rush" towards a region barren of food and difficult of access, especially for trains of supplies and provisions. Reports came back from many of the adventurers, showing that the gold was hard to get and scanty in quantity, the chances of wealth very small, the chances of starvation considerable; and some respectable and careful American journals are disposed to regard the whole thing as an imposture. Under these circumstances this little volume of Colonel Dodge‡ will be read with considerable interest. It shows that at a future time the Black Hills may be a seat of prosperous graziers and thriving farmers, that they contain quartz reefs which may give a paying return to companies working with adequate machinery, if they can command labour and carriage at moderate cost, but that

* *The Cholera Epidemic of 1873 in the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Percy Bysshe Shelley as a Philosopher and Reformer.* By Charles Sotheran. New York: P. Somerby. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Black Hills.* A Minute Description of the Routes, Scenery, Soil, Climate, Timber, Gold, Zoology, &c.; with an Accurate Map, four Sectional Drawings, and ten Plates from Photographs taken on the spot. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieut.-Colonel U.S. Army. New York: J. Miller. London: Sampson Low & Co.

placer-mining—the resource of the individual adventurer and the attraction which alone inspired the rush to the Black Hills—will never pay there.

Mr. Hallock has compiled a handbook under the title of *Camp Life in Florida** from the pages of a sporting journal which sent correspondents to explore the south and south-west of that State. The book contains a good deal of information serviceable to the sportsman and to the tourist, and not a few valuable facts concerning the agricultural resources of that almost tropical peninsula. Florida may be able at no distant date to grow fruit for half the world, if only she can obtain a sufficiency of capital and labour; and the planting of orange and other orchards promises an abundant return to the white capitalist, and high wages to the negro labourer, if the latter can be persuaded to work there steadily, and in good faith. In fact her resources, though less varied than those of California, are even less developed, and offer a still more remunerative field to the intelligent cultivator.

Under the title of *A Domestic Problem*† Mrs. Diaz puts forth a new volume on "woman's rights," insisting, with an even unusual disregard of consistency, that women should be specially educated for the work of wives and mothers, but that they are not to be regarded as dependent on or subordinate to men, or to be guided as regards their education and training by the idea of winning the regard and approval of the other sex. How they can be wives and mothers unless they win the approval of men, or how they can educate their children to any purpose except in subordination to the head of the family, Mrs. Diaz, like most of the strong-minded, is too femininely illogical to inquire.

Mr. Noyes's *Home Talks*‡, chiefly delivered to the Oneida Community, contain much less than might have been expected of his peculiar views, with much more than might have been hoped for of sensible, if not very original, religious and moral teaching. Mr. Collens's *Eden of Labour*§ is, on the other hand, rank nonsense of the worst socialist kind, based, first on a belief in "natural value"—that is to say, on the idea that every article has a rightful price from which it is immoral to depart—and, secondly, on the absurd fiction that all labour has the same natural value, and fixes by its amount the value of all its products. Many of the wildest Communists have not contradicted so completely the plainest teachings of political economy and of common sense.

Mr. Quackenbos has given to schools an *Illustrated History of the World*|| in some four hundred octavo pages, and in broken paragraphs; a History which no adult would read so long as there was at hand a dictionary with which he might amuse himself by preference; a History which children may indeed be forced to read, but of which they will remember nothing.

A work entitled *Analytical Processes*¶ is one of the dullest and most unreadable of those metaphysical treatises to which the famous definition of metaphysics may be applied without any paradox whatsoever.

The *True Order of Studies***, by Dr. Hill, formerly President of Harvard University, in so far as it attempts to arrange all the departments of human knowledge in logical order of study, seems to us deficient alike in logical soundness and in practical method. When it comes to deal with the actual teaching of particular subjects it contains many suggestions which appear to us eminently valuable, and calculated especially to improve the very defective mode of instruction pursued in most second-class schools and in nearly all homes. It is not too much to say that half the time and two-thirds of the labour which children are obliged to give to their studies up to the age of fourteen are simply wasted through bad teaching, and that any system whatever, especially such a system as might be gathered from Dr. Hill's work, might double the amount learned in a year by an intelligent child, with an infinite saving of time, trouble, and tears.

We have two poems, or rather two volumes of poetry, rather above the dead level of mediocrity. Mr. Moffat's "Romance of Study"†† celebrates in several cantos the intellectual progress of an aspiring youth; and Mr. Watson's *Legend of the Roses* and *Ravlan*‡‡, though wild and extravagant, contain some passages

* *Camp Life in Florida: a Handbook for Sportsmen and Settlers.* Compiled by Charles Hallock, Author of "The Fishing Tourist." Forest and Steam Publishing Company, American News' Company Agents. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *A Domestic Problem—Work and Culture in the Household.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Author of "The Schoolmaster's Trunk," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *Home Talks.* By John Humphrey Noyes. Edited by Alfred Barron and George Noyes Miller. Oneida: Published by the Community. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *The Eden of Labour; or, the Christian Utopia.* By T. Wharton Collens, Author of "Humanics," "The History of Charity," &c. Philadelphia: Baird & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

|| *Illustrated School History of the World, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* Accompanied with numerous Maps and Engravings. By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

¶ *Analytical Processes; or, the Primary Principle of Philosophy.* By William J. Gill, A.M., Author of "Evolution and Progress." New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

** *The True Order of Studies.* By Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., formerly President of Harvard University, Author of "Geometry and Faith," &c. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

†† *Ahwyn: a Romance of Study.* By James C. Moffat. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *The Legend of the Roses: a Poem. Ravlan: a Drama.* By S. J. Watson. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

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which might be considered really good if they were not too obviously imitative.

We may just mention two volumes on American Engravers and their Works*, amounting to little more than lists of the latter, by Mr. W. S. Baker; some more volumes † of the duodecimo edition of Hawthorne's Works, and two volumes of a "Vest Pocket Series"‡ of American Authors, published by Osgood and Co.

* *American Engravers, and their Works.* By W. S. Baker. Philadelphia: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Old, Old Home: a Series of English Sketches.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *Hawthorne.* By James T. Fields. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

A Day's Pleasure. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. THIRD CONCERT, Monday, May 1. First Appearance of Herr Anton Rubinstein who will play his New Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, and some Pianoforte Solos. Stalls 10s. 6d. 7s. Admission 2s. 6d. and 1s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORE'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Virge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORE GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

CHRISTIAN WILBERG'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and SKETCHES in OIL of Italian subjects, including "A View in Venice," the property of Her Majesty the Queen. EXHIBITION now OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 19 Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of May, 1876. Visitors cannot be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of May, inclusive.

British Museum, April 25, 1876.

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 3.

The Earl of CARXARVON, on behalf of the Earl of DERBY, in the Chair.

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ARTISTS' GENERAL, BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 13, at Six o'clock.

His Grace the Archbishop of YORK in the Chair.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Honorary Secretary.

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Dinner Tickets, including Wine, One Guinea.

THE ANNUAL BALL in AID of the FUNDS of the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL will be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Thursday, May 8, under the distinguished patronage of

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.

Vouchers may be obtained from the Ladies Patrons or the Stewards, and should be exchanged for tickets as soon as possible by application to any of the Stewards, or to the Resident Medical Officer at the Hospital.

Tickets (not transferable) 2s. 1s. Refreshments, with wine and supper, included.

Further information may be obtained by application to the Resident Medical Officer at the Hospital.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE SEVENTY-FIRST GENERAL MEETING OF THIS SOCIETY will be held on Monday, May 8, 1876, at the College, Stockwell Road, S.W.

The Chair will be taken by the Right Honourable the Earl RUSSELL, K.G., or the Right Hon. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., at 12.30 o'clock.

There will be an Exhibition of Kindergarten occupations at 10 A.M. The Mixed and Infant Schools may be inspected from 10 A.M. to noon. The New Premises will be opened by the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR at 11 A.M. The College may be viewed after 2.30 P.M.

Tickets may be obtained by application at the Society's House, Borough Road, S.E.

ALFRED BOURNE, Secretary.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

THE SUMMER SESSION will begin on Monday, May 1.

The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a Service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 34 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.

Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.

For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally, or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDER of the College, or at the Museum or Library. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—THE SUMMER SESSION will Commence on Monday, May 1. The Hospital contains 690 Beds, with separatewards for Febrile cases. The Museums of Pathology, Anatomy, and Comparative Anatomy contain numerous Specimens and Drawings, 600 Models of Skin Diseases, and an unique Collection of Anatomical Models. Special Classes are given in the subjects required for the London University Degrees.

For particulars apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR, or the Secretary, Mr. STOCKER.

Guy's Hospital, S.E., April 1876.

POWIS EXHIBITIONS.—ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £200 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an examination of the Candidates, which will take place at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on Tuesday, September 26, and the following days, before JOHN RYTHMILL, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and the Rev. CHARLES H. STANLEY, M.A., late Fellow of John's College, Cambridge.

Candidates are requested to send their Name, Address, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before August 1, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 2 Essex Court, Temple, London, E.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty years of age upon October 1, and acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined in Welsh Reading, Composition, and Speaking; the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Fifth and Sixth Books of the Psalms; the First Book of Thucydides; the Tenth Book of the Iliad; Xenophon's Anabasis; Cicero's Orations; and Latin Prose Composition. Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined.

The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for Four years, by an Exhibitor who at the time of his Election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case stand Matriculation; and by an Exhibitor who at the time of his Election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the Holder.

April 1876.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight £40; Four £20. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in case of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained by application to the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—BOARDERS will REASSEMBLE On Tuesday, May 9. The Entrance Examination for new Boys will take place the same day at 1 P.M.

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The SUMMER TERM commences May 4 for Boarders, and May 5 for Day Students. Instruction is given by Professors in Literature, Science, and Art. English and Foreign Governesses reside in the College. The Senior Classes are open to "Occasional" Students who propose to take up their residence.

Children are received from Five years of age.

For particulars, application should be made to the Lady Principal (Miss DANIELS), Polygon House, Southampton.

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MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN Tuesday, May 2, at 14 Badminton Place, Hyde Park, W.

THE MISSES A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL (late Belgrave Cottage) for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN Tuesday, May 2, at 65 and 66 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

April 29, 1876.]

The Saturday Review.

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"	... 8	2 9	32 0	FINE OLD DITTO	4	4 6	52 0
" Crusted	... 6	3 4	38 0	" "	3	5 0	57 0
" "	... 4	4 4	50 0	" "	1	6 0	68 0
" "	... 3	5 0	56 0	LONDON GIN	6	2 0	24 0
SHERRY	... 10	1 6	18 0	" "	4	2 6	30 0
"	... 8	2 3	26 0	IRISH WHISKY	6	2 4	28 0
"	... 6	3 0	34 0	FINE OLD DITTO	4	3 4	38 0
"	... 4	3 10	44 0	" "	3	3 8	42 0
"	... 3	4 4	50 0	SCOTCH WHISKY	6	2 3	27 0
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"	... 2	1 11	22 0	" "	3	3 8	42 0
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